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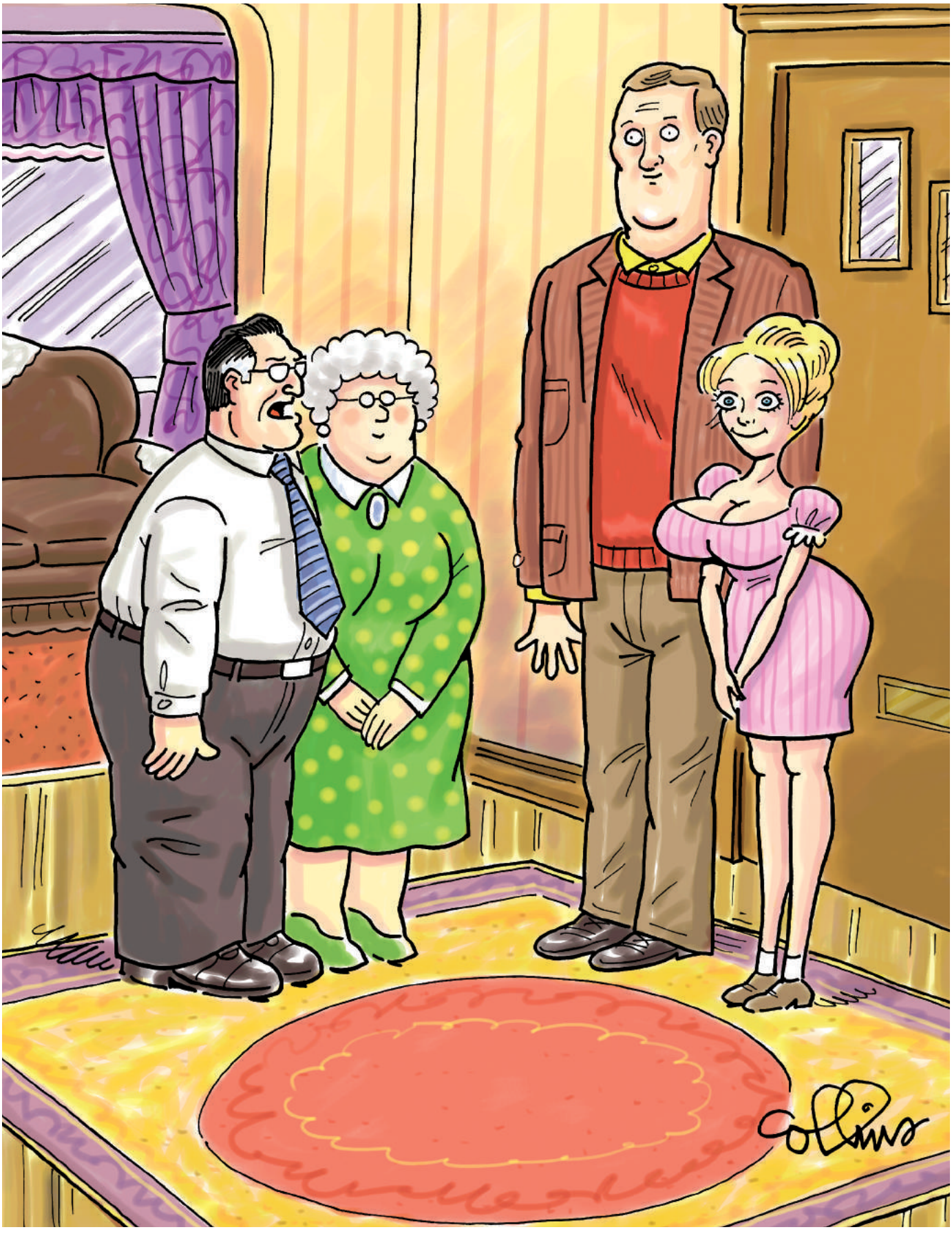
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the movie *Battleship*, which provides confirmation that Hollywood is utterly bereft of new ideas. Since producers are scraping the bottom of the barrel by making flicks based on forgotten board games, here's a suggestion for them: What's more popular than the vagina? A film devoted to that cozy crevice has the makings of a surefire hit. *Pussy: The Movie* would gross billions even if it starred Tom Arnold and Gary Busey.



"Young man, we are staunch conservatives, so I insist with our daughter that you use no contraceptives whatsoever."

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LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

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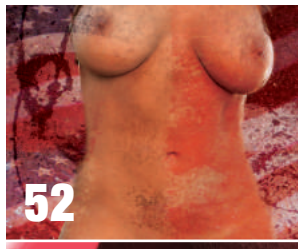

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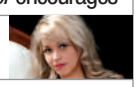

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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THE PROBLEM WITH FLORIDA

I have no way of knowing with certainty what really transpired in Sanford, Florida, between Trayvon Martin and George Zimmerman on that fateful night of February 26, 2012, although it appears Zimmerman was out looking for trouble. However, I can say with certainty that the Stand Your Ground law signed by Florida Governor Jeb Bush back in 2005 has been nothing but a prescription for disaster.

Essentially the statute allows any licensed gun owner to shoot someone if he or she feels "reasonably" threatened by that person—even if that person is unarmed. In effect, this has turned the entire state of Florida into the Wild West, where deadly shootouts were once commonplace. Already 200 people in Florida have been killed as a result of the Stand Your Ground law. According to press reports, many of the victims were unarmed.

Most disturbing, 25 other states have followed Florida's example by passing similar laws. Is this really the America we want? I don't think so.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

SLIM SHADY

Scanning documents can be a pain in the ass. Scanners are big and clunky and take up a whole lot of space. Wouldn't it be great if there was a sleek, compact device that would let you scan things on the go? And what if it could easily fit in your wallet? That describes the **SlimScan SS100** to a T. The tiny marvel captures clear, crisp, high-resolution (300 DPI), full-color images in seconds. Later, those scans can easily be uploaded to your computer and printer via a built-in USB port. The **SlimScan SS100** is tailor-made for capturing snapshots, business cards, notes, even something you don't want the missus to find: the napkins on which you jotted down the phone numbers of sluts you met in bars. You know, if you're into that.

Available at ***PlanOn.com***. Suggested retail price: $139.99.

BUGGIN' OUT

Bugs suck, especially black flies and mosquitoes. They can ruin any outdoor event—unless you bring along the **ThermaCELL Mosquito Repellent Patio Lantern**. Besides offering protection from flying insects, this highly portable, butane-burning gadget provides excellent lighting for camping trips or other fresh-air activities. The lantern, which runs on four AA batteries and has a comfort zone that extends up to 15 feet in all directions, is equipped with a replaceable butane cartridge that lasts for up to 12 hours. Plus, unlike other bug repellents, the **ThermaCELL Patio Lantern** doesn't stink.

Available at ***ThermaCell.com***. Suggested retail price: $29.99.

PEEL IT OFF

Meet the **Peel Fruit**. No, you can't eat it, but you can use the odd-shaped gizmo to control your TV from your iPhone or iPod Touch. No more searching for the remote. No more wondering what to watch. Just wirelessly stream your content to the boob tube via a free app you can get at the iTunes Store. With a single tap, the **Peel Fruit** lets you easily locate TV shows you like and similar fare you have yet to discover. In fact, it's the perfect universal control for your entire entertainment system. It's time to bring home a **Peel Fruit** and kick back.

Available at ***Peel.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.95.

50 CENT'S 'PHONES

You ain't even in the game if you don't have your own personal brand of hip-hop headphones. Ludacris has 'em. Dr. Dre does too. And now 50 Cent has launched his own line of funky designer headphones called **SYNC by 50**. These wireless 'phones provide high-end, crystal-clear sound up to 50 feet away from your audio source. You and as many as four friends can link up (or **SYNC** in) to share the funk. Bob your head to this: The best part, yo, is we got a pair of 50 Cent's dope wired 'phones to give away. Did we say *yo*? We did? Sorry about that. We're so white. Yo, see details on this page.

Available at ***SMSby50.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.95.

WANNA WIN A PAIR OF 50 CENT HEADPHONES?

PLEASE NOTE: THESE HEADPHONES ARE *NOT* WIRELESS

Now that we have your attention, here's your chance to win a pair of 50 Cent's headphones. Just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to **50 Cent Headphones, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by October 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

"Lord have mercy! Now those Republicans have got Obama singing the blues!"

WILY BANKER

TAXPAYERS END UP FOOTING THE BILL AFTER CITIGROUP'S HEAD HONCHO SELLS A PREZ ON DEREGULATING THE FINANCIAL INDUSTRY

Some guys have all the luck, particularly when they supply the dice. Take Sanford "Sandy" Weill, the banker who did more than any of his fellow scoundrels to precipitate this country's financial crisis, but who managed to bail out, richer than ever, before the crash.

Earlier this year, Weill made another killing by selling his Manhattan penthouse, which he reportedly purchased for $43.7 million in 2007. The listed selling price for the digs was a cool $88 million, far exceeding any residential transaction in America's priciest real estate market. But don't worry about Sandy not having a place to stay; after all, he still has that $35-million estate in the wine region of California and other ill-gotten gains.

This is the banker who hustled and bought a Republican-led Congress and Democratic President Bill Clinton back in the 1990s and in return was gifted with the reversal of Depression-era rules preventing the emergence of too-big-to-fail banks. The biggest one of all was Citigroup, which Weill created and would ultimately become the world's largest financial conglomerate.

Weill formed what the *New York Times* termed a "monster bank" based on a Federal Reserve temporary exemption from existing banking law. But to remain a permanent entity, his then-fledgling bank needed the law itself changed. The obstacle to Weill's greedy ambitions back then was the Glass-Steagall Act, which long had been a barrier between investment and commercial banks. The 1999 reversal of Glass-Steagall that Weill engineered permitted the merger of Travelers Group—a private investment firm that Weill headed—with Citibank, a commercial bank holding the federally insured savings of ordinary folk.

The Republicans had been on a tear to obliterate the sensible rules governing the financial industry ever since Democratic President Franklin Roosevelt put them into place in response to the Great Depression. FDR did so to prevent another economic calamity. For five decades, Democrats resisted the Wall Street lobbyists and their Republican lapdogs. That is, until Sandy Weill got his buddy Clinton to sign off on the Republican-sponsored legislation that upended the sensible restraints on finance capital which had worked splendidly—for consumers, if not bankers—for half a century.

The night before the announcement of the merger, as *Wall Street Journal* reporter Monica Langley writes in her book *Tearing Down the Walls: How Sandy Weill Fought His Way to the Top of the Financial World…and Then Nearly Lost It All*, a buoyant Weill suggested to John Reed, his partner in the merger, "We should call Clinton." Having no trouble getting through to the President on a Sunday night, Weill informed him of the merger, which violated existing law. After hanging up, Weill boasted to Reed, "We just made the President of the United States an insider."

That Hillary Clinton was gearing up for a Senate race in New York, the capital of high finance, helped make Weill's case with the President. Also pushing the Wall Street lobbyists' cause was Robert Rubin, Clinton's Treasury Secretary, who had been a honcho at Goldman Sachs prior to taking the Cabinet post. The ink was barely dry on the legislation legitimizing the creation of Citigroup when Rubin went to work at Weill's bank for $15 million a year. That lucrative career move personifies what I call the revolving platinum door between Washington, D.C., and Wall Street, and Weill was a master at spinning it.

At the signing ceremony, where Clinton presented Weill with one of the pens that fine-tuned Glass-Steagall out of existence, the President proclaimed, "Today what we are doing is modernizing the financial services industry, tearing down those antiquated laws and granting banks significant new authority."

That "modernization" led to a housing bubble that, when punctured by reality, left 50 million Americans with their homes foreclosed or struggling to keep up with underwater mortgages. As of this writing, 46 million Americans have been reduced to poverty, and tens of millions more are part of an unemployed and underemployed labor force that may never recover.

Neither Republican George W. Bush nor Democrat Barack Obama acted to aid those beleaguered victims of Weill's folly. But thanks to the bailout policy, the banker himself made out like a bandit. Citigroup would have gone under except for the infusion of $45 billion in direct federal aid and the government's underwriting of $300 billion of the bank's toxic paper. We ordinary taxpayers are left holding that debt while Sandy Weill gets to toast with the finest bubbly at his wine-country estate.

> **"…SANDY WEILL GOT HIS BUDDY CLINTON TO SIGN OFF ON THE REPUBLICAN-SPONSORED LEGISLATION THAT UPENDED THE SENSIBLE RESTRAINTS ON FINANCE CAPITAL WHICH HAD WORKED SPLENDIDLY—FOR CONSUMERS, IF NOT BANKERS—FOR HALF A CENTURY."**

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

HEY DAD, IF YOU HAD IT TO DO OVER, WOULD YOU MARRY MOM?
BOY, GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE WITH YOUR DAMN "GOTCHA" QUESTIONS!
WINNERS

COMING: THE TOTAL SURVEILLANCE STATE?

AIRCRAFT WITHOUT PILOTS, PASSENGERS OR BEVERAGE CARTS—JUST CAMERAS AIMED AT YOU—MAY SOON FILL THE SKY

George W. Bush, Dick Cheney and Barack Obama have convinced some Americans that no matter how or where they express themselves, their thoughts may wind up in a Big Brother database. But most of us are more preoccupied with immediate, all-too-real fears like higher gasoline prices and unemployment.

In his article "Dawn of the Drone: The Realization of the Total Surveillance State," the Rutherford Institute's John Whitehead offers a scarier scenario: implementation of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) Reauthorization Act. In a few years, this legislation may prompt a lot of us to look skyward with chilling apprehension.

"Imagine a robot hovering overhead as you go about your day, driving to and from your work," Whitehead envisions. "The robot records your every movement with a surveillance camera and streams the information to a government command center. … If you make a wrong move or even appear to be doing something suspicious, the police will respond quickly."

You see, the FAA Reauthorization Act mandates that there will be about 30,000 pilotless aircraft in our skies by 2020. As I've reported, these ghostlike carriers of surveillance cameras have already been sent out by the Department of Homeland Security and local and state police to observe "suspicious" activists' meetings or to follow likely narcotics distributors.

The ACLU insists that "drones not be deployed indiscriminately unless there are grounds to believe the unmanned aerial planes will collect evidence about a specific crime." Voicing optimism, the ACLU also acknowledges, "If we can set some good privacy ground rules, our society can enjoy the benefits of this technology without having to worry about its darker potentials."

We'll all be protected under the supposedly transparent Obama Administration? And in view of the millions of dollars to be harvested by the aviation industry thanks to law enforcement's delight in the drone, would a Republican administration be any more of a threat to the rapidly fading Fourth Amendment than Obama and our current Congressional leaders?

Regarding drones, John Whitehead is a deeply experienced realist: "Until the American people succeed in raising their collective voices against this technological tyranny, the powers that be will continue on the path of total control, and the condition of our civil liberties will become more dire with every passing day."

So will this really be "the realization of the total surveillance state"? Don't count on it. I have never forgotten the dissenting opinion of Justice Louis Brandeis in the U.S. Supreme Court's first wiretapping case, *Olmstead* v. *United States* (1928). Recognizing that the creation of inventive technologies would be boundless, he wrote: "Ways may someday be developed by which the government, without removing papers from secret drawers, can reproduce them in court, and by which it will be enabled to expose to a jury the most intimate occurrences of the home."

In *Constitution 3.0: Freedom and Technological Change*, Jeffrey Rosen—whose byline on these dread matters I never miss—wrote: "The technologies that Brandeis imagined have now come to pass—and they do not only affect privacy; they affect a broad range of Constitutional values."

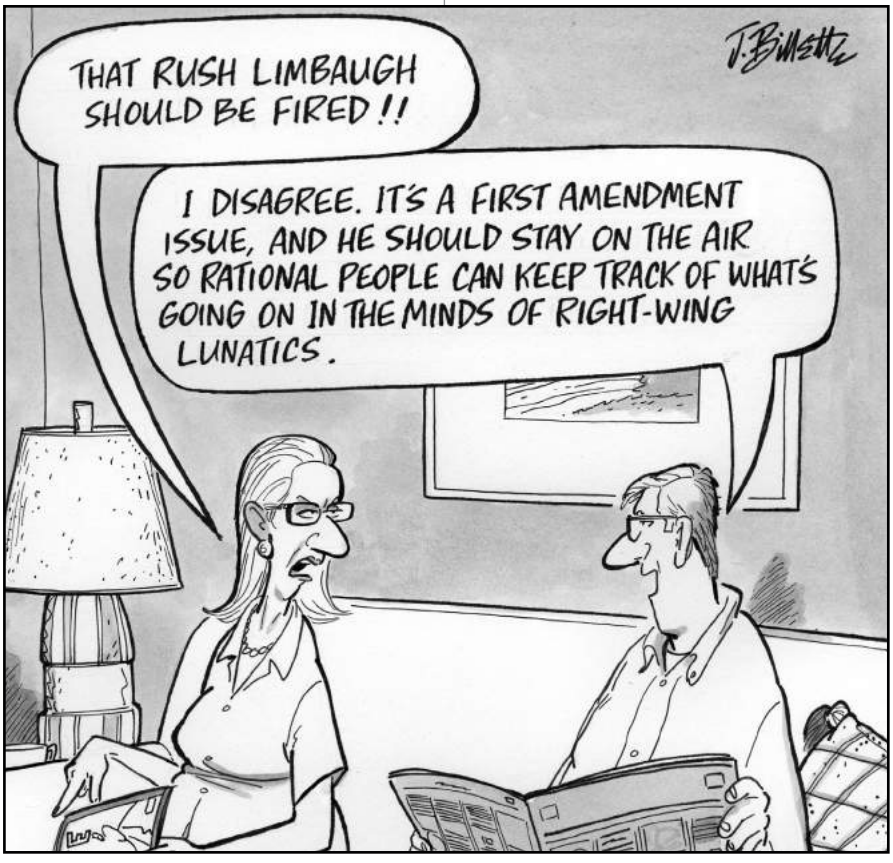
Here is how the ACLU is trying to protect you: "Now we have joined together with our coalition partner, the Electronic Privacy Information Center, to petition the FAA to 'address the threat to privacy and civil liberties involved in the integration of drones in the national airspace.'" Remember: Some drones may soon have facial-recognition capability.

"You should sign too," the ACLU continues. "Let's make it clear that Americans are deeply concerned that drones not become a common feature of our skies until strong privacy protections are in place to ensure they do not become tools for routine aerial surveillance of American life."

Are we "deeply concerned"? Then how come we don't make that clear? For instance, do you know or care that the FBI publishes characteristics of people we should report as possible terrorists? As U.S. Senator Rand Paul (R-Kentucky) notes in his *National Review Online* article "Indefinite Detention and American Citizens," the list includes "the possession of 'meals ready-to-eat,' missing fingers, brightly colored stains on clothing, paying for products in cash and changes in hair color."

Like his father, Representative Ron Paul (R-Texas), Rand Paul is one of the few members of Congress who truly cares about Americans' right to privacy. So when you see a drone up in the sky, try to look as if you're not a national security risk.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.


THAT RUSH LIMBAUGH SHOULD BE FIRED!!
I DISAGREE. IT'S A FIRST AMENDMENT ISSUE, AND HE SHOULD STAY ON THE AIR SO RATIONAL PEOPLE CAN KEEP TRACK OF WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE MINDS OF RIGHT-WING LUNATICS.
J. Bilstein

"These young congressmen have no sense of morals anymore. When someone gave *us* a bribe, we had the courtesy to use the rear exit!"

MY TIMES WITH ABBIE HOFFMAN—PART 2

HOW I PROVIDED A SAFE HOUSE FOR A '60s RADICAL ON THE RUN

I had just started working at radio station WIND in Chicago when massive antiwar demonstrations took place during the 1968 Democratic National Convention. I went down to see what the ruckus was all about only to be tear-gassed and chased with police batons out of Lincoln Park. It was my instantaneous radicalization. Months later, Abbie Hoffman and six other activists would be indicted for fomenting those demonstrations.

By the time the Chicago Seven's trial began in September 1969, I had moved to New York City to work as a late-night radio personality at WMCA. That's where I'd get a phone call every couple of nights from Abbie—who'd been one of the first guests on my show—or his wife, Anita, regaling my audience with that day's events in court.

The trial had become a three-ring circus presided over by an insane judge named, oddly enough, Julius Hoffman, whom Abbie occasionally referred to as "Dad." Although Abbie and his cohorts were convicted, the verdict was eventually overturned. But Abbie had bigger problems looming.

It was a sunny day in 1973 when my phone rang. "Abbie's been arrested for dealing cocaine," Anita told me stoically. Abbie a drug dealer? Drug dealers have money. Just three weeks earlier I had co-signed a $1,000 loan for him. Then Anita said, "Abbie wanted me to tell you the loan didn't go through."

That was the first thing my friend wanted me to know. I would have eaten the loan for him, but I'll never forget the gesture. A year later, unable to raise the cash for an adequate defense, Abbie jumped bail and fled.

Cut to 1980. I'm at a party after the premiere of Henry Jaglom's film *Sitting Ducks*. While standing in the lobby of the restaurant, a short man with a beard comes up to me and asks, "Do you know who I am?"

I was embarrassed. He looked familiar, but I couldn't place him. Moving in closer, the man exclaimed, "It's Abbie!"

We were hugging when my wife and friends Steve and Adrienne walked in. I started to make introductions. "This is my old friend…uhhhh." I stopped short, but Abbie took up the slack. "Barry Freed," he offered.

While leaving the party with my wife and friends, I gave Abbie my number. Then Steve remarked, "If I didn't know better, I'd think that was Abbie Hoffman." At that moment, Abbie darted out the doorway and yelled, "You got it!" Without thinking about it, I had taken my first criminal steps toward harboring a fugitive.

My apartment became a safe house for Abbie whenever he came to the city, and on one occasion, I even visited his hideout in upstate New York. That's how I found myself heading to the Thousand Islands and Fineview, a small town on the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

It was a lovely summer's day, and as soon as my wife and I arrived, Abbie ordered me to get in his motorboat. He drove to the middle of the river, stood up and yelled at the top of his lungs, "I'M ABBIE HOFFMAN!" Then, looking at me, he said, "Every now and then I have to do that to keep sane."

That weekend was memorable. Abbie, under his "Barry" persona, had become an activist fighting winter navigation on the St. Lawrence River. The first night, he held a public meeting attended by New York's lieutenant governor. Not knowing who this concerned citizen "Barry" really was, he treated Abbie like a political bigwig.

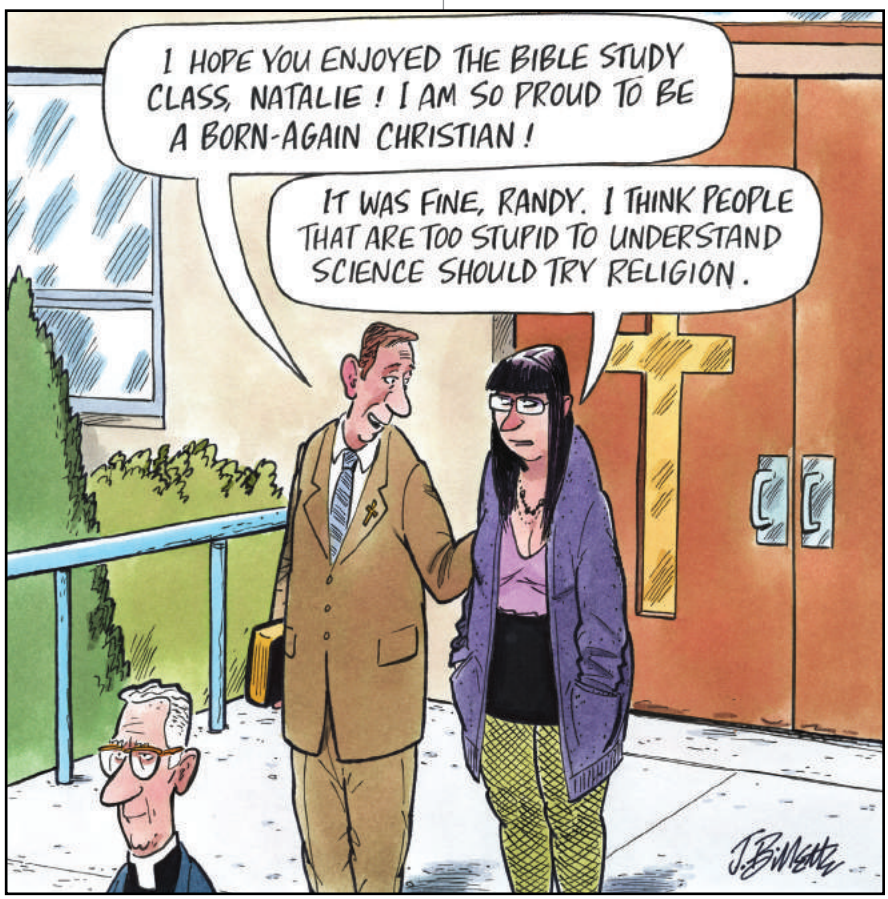
The next day, Abbie invited me, my wife and his lady friend Johanna to get on his boat, and the four of us cruised the river to the Canadian locks, which were a few miles away. The combination of the water, the sun and some hefty head drugs was something I will always remember. It was intoxicating.

We stopped and lay on the grass lining the shore. Looking up at the sky, Abbie said, "I'm gonna give myself up." He'd decided enough time had passed for him to get a better deal than he would have gotten when he was arrested. A few weeks later, Abbie turned himself in. He spent four months in prison.

I saw Abbie one last time when he came to San Francisco on a debating tour in the mid-1980s. Then on April 12, 1989, the news came that he had committed suicide at age 52 by drug overdose. He was bipolar and went off his meds because he felt they robbed him of his creativity. Some people have always believed it was murder.

I miss Abbie Hoffman more than I can say, but he left behind a lot of wonderful memories for me—and an FBI file that is 13,262 pages long.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).


I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE BIBLE STUDY CLASS, NATALIE! I AM SO PROUD TO BE A BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN!
IT WAS FINE, RANDY. I THINK PEOPLE THAT ARE TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND SCIENCE SHOULD TRY RELIGION.
J.Bilstein

"It's not funny anymore, Frank. I'm not frigid,
and my vagina does *not* keep beer cold!"

Not Just Sex

As usual, whenever I want to hear the whole story about something, rather than wasting my time with the mainstream media, I always have to get it from HUSTLER.

For example, after reading your feature story "Occupy Movement: Coast to Coast" [June '12], I felt—for the very first time—quite disgusted with how America treats its own citizens. Right now there are people walking the streets scot-free who have raped this great nation, while those seeking change are being treated like criminals. Sadly, it looks like the 1% does, in fact, rule everything. **—Keith Cartwright**
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Exes and Ohs

If I were in England, the only thing I'd want more than fish and chips with a pint is June '12 British *Beaver Hunt* hottie Cheryl. She gets my Yankee blood boiling. I am formally requesting that a HUSTLER photoshoot be reserved for her. Cheryl has an eerie, spot-on resemblance to an ex-girlfriend of mine. Who knows? A Cheryl pictorial could be therapeutic. I may refrain from saying the word "cunt" every time I think of my ex. **—M.A.**
Russellville, Kentucky

A Call for Change

I have chronic fatigue syndrome (CFS) and HIV-negative AIDS. With these clinical diagnoses, I believe that makes me living proof that the AIDS-like CFS is transmissible—something the medical establishment seems unable to acknowledge—and that CFS and non-HIV AIDS are basically the same mysterious immune disorder.

Three years ago, I became seriously ill with what looks like the natural disease progression of AIDS. Since then, I have experienced an unrelenting AIDS-like [decline]. I can pinpoint exactly when I was infected with my "chronic viral syndrome of unknown etiology." And because the "acute infection" stage was so distinguishable, I can also pinpoint exactly when my undiagnosed pathogen left my body and infected yet another host.

Most people with CFS do not like to talk about the many symptoms and immune abnormalities they share with AIDS patients. I also suspect that most ailing patients would rather be told they have the very mysterious CFS than be told they have AIDS.

I have a master's degree. I'm a director at my firm. I used to be a triathlete. I have never used IV drugs or traveled abroad. I can count my sexual partners on two hands.

Why isn't CFS a reportable disease overseen by our public health agencies? Why are we not reading about non-HIV AIDS cases (and/or the AIDS-like nature of CFS) on the front page of every newspaper in the world? And if CFS *is* non-HIV AIDS, then there are anywhere between 500,000 and 14 million Americans with a transmissible illness.

I want honest answers for myself and for everyone who is suffering from this hideous illness—especially those who remain uninfected by my communicable disease. As worrisome as my health is to me, I am extremely troubled by the strong likelihood that more people are being infected every minute that non-HIV AIDS cases (like mine) are allowed to go undetected. I stopped fighting for myself a long, long time ago. I now fight for humanity. I demand a CFS/HIV revolution. **—Karen Lambert**
Boston, Massachusetts

Lighter the Better

I bought and enjoyed the June '12 HUSTLER. The women are beautiful, the jokes and cartoons are humorous, and *Bits & Pieces* is full of great info and images. Aryana Augustine ["Dream Girl"] is beautiful: her breasts, vagina, face, hair and eyes. I am not a fan of dark women, much rather preferring light-skinned ones. HUSTLER seems to keep finding gorgeous, sexy women.

—Mike Breedlove
McLeansville, North Carolina

Aryana Augustine rose from Beaver Hunt *newcomer to fan favorite with her June '12 pictorial.*

Stellar Beavers

All the ladies in the June '12 *Beaver Hunt* were hot. Summer Daze and Jewel should be in adult films. I'd love to see both of them in action. Thank you for another great issue and a fantastic *Beaver Hunt* section. HUSTLER is the greatest magazine of all time.

—Shawn K. Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Rush Out the Door

This letter is in response to Rush Limbaugh's comments about Sandra Fluke. Well, Mr. Limbaugh, you have certainly done it again. Although this is not the first time your mouth has spewed such hateful language, perhaps it should be the last time you say anything more on your corporate-sponsored program. It's time for you to resign.

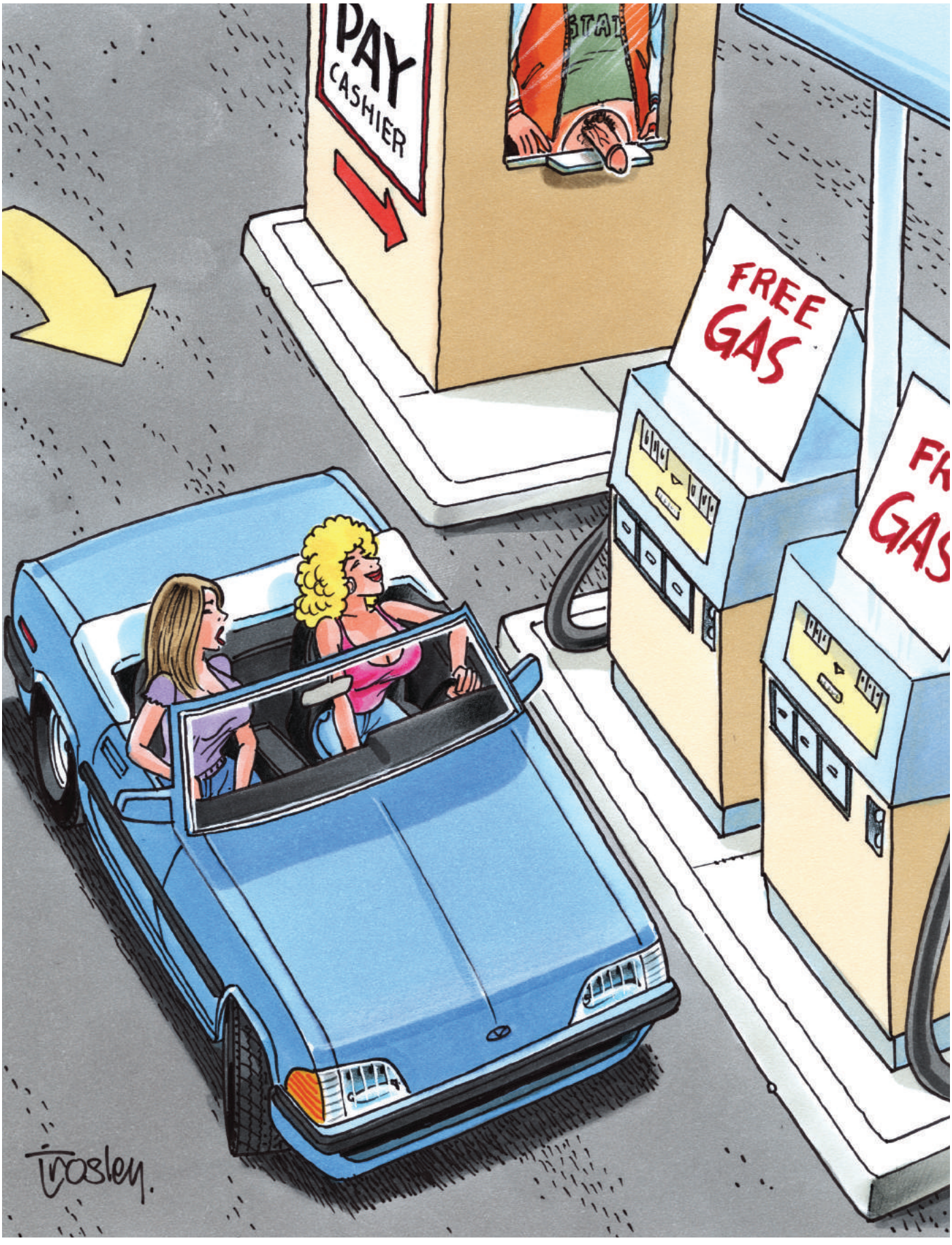
You didn't "apologize" for your remarks about Ms. Fluke until after it became apparent that your political torpedo missed its target completely and headed back to where it came from. Once you realized that your paycheck might be affected, you conveniently switched to damage control to save your own miserable ass.

It never fails to amaze me that our capitalist system has allowed a scumbag like yourself to become very wealthy by just ranting all day against anything contrary to your personal views. Do us all a favor and resign. **—Joe Bialek**
Cleveland, Ohio

MONUMENTAL OVERSIGHT

The byline for "Inside the Koch Brothers' War Room" (July '12) was inadvertently omitted. The exposé was written by investigative journalist Brad Friedman. Our apologies to the valued HUSTLER contributor.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"I don't know. Aren't you just a little bit suspicious of this?"

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HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary on Switzerland, which has a long tradition of shady banking. In 1934, it was decreed that violating the secrecy of Swiss banks was illegal, thus making the tiny alpine country a haven for foreign tax-dodgers. That explains why Switzerland has been *the* place for America's 1% to stash their cash and avoid paying their fair share of taxes.

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BILL O'REILLY

Hey, Billy boy, it's been a while. The last time you graced this page was in 2003. We're shocked that we let so much time go by. After all, you still have your show on the Fox News Channel. And it's not as if you stopped being an asshole. In fact, you are clearly a bigger asshole than ever. Still, it might have taken us a bit longer to get back to you if it weren't for your idiotic position regarding the fatal shooting of 17-year-old Florida resident Trayvon Martin.

First you complained about the public outcry that it took so long for the shooter, George Zimmerman, to be arrested. Then you attacked the victim by asking, "Is there anything wrong with knowing that he was suspended three times from school?" Really, Bill?! Using Martin's scholastic records as possible justification for his shooting? Just how stupid are you?

The facts are clear: An unarmed African-American kid was gunned down by a self-appointed neighborhood watchman who pursued his quarry despite being instructed not to do so by a police dispatcher. Zimmerman shot and killed an innocent person. Nothing changes that, not even if Martin had burned down his school.

Then, Bill, there was your defense of Geraldo Rivera's statement that "I think the hoodie is as much responsible for Trayvon Martin's death as George Zimmerman." We've searched our files, and we can find no record of a hoodie ever being indicted for murder. Of course we get your Fox News colleague's point: Black people shouldn't wear hoodies—ever!—because they're black! Only white people can get away with wearing them because, according to you and Rivera, white people don't look like "wannabe gangsters" when they wear hoodies. That's not just stupid, Bill. That's downright racist.

But enough about your pathetic comments on the Trayvon Martin tragedy. We have ten years' worth of O'Reilly stupidity to catch up on, starting with Sandra Fluke, the Georgetown University law student who was called a "slut" and "prostitute" by Rush Limbaugh (another stupid asshole). Fluke originally made the news by testifying at a House Democrats' steering committee hearing, where she expressed her support of mandatory health insurance coverage for contraceptives. Republicans, on the other hand, were arguing that employers should not have to include contraception as part of their health insurance policies.

That's where you came in, Bill. You (falsely) surmised that Fluke was advocating the government should pay for her birth control so she could have sex. (Full disclosure: HUSTLER believes the government should pay for women's contraception so they will have sex *with us*.) You went on to suggest that if the government pays for a woman's birth control, it should also pay for a man's football equipment and gym membership…because they both ultimately relate to health.

That's too ridiculous to comment on.

In 2005, you first stated that Dr. George Tiller, who provided legal abortions at a clinic in Kansas, was "guilty of Nazi stuff." You also referred to him as "Tiller the Baby Killer"—over and over. At the time, we thought you were inciting your loony audience to commit murder. Indeed, the gunman who ultimately assassinated Dr. Tiller in 2009 was exactly the kind of right-wing loon your show appeals to. Like many across the land, we blame you for his death, Bill.

You want to challenge that? Well, here's another incendiary remark you made regarding the pro-choice doctor: "If the state of Kansas doesn't stop this man [Tiller], then anybody who prevents that from happening has blood on their hands, as the Governor [Kathleen Sebelius] does right now." Remember that quote? Or how about this one? "No question Dr. Tiller has blood on his hands, but now so does Governor Sebelius. She is not fit to serve, nor is any Kansas politician who supports Tiller's business of destruction. I wouldn't want to be these people if there is a Judgment Day."

In our opinion, that sure sounds like inciting violence. But if you think we're wrong, let us give you an example of how an audience can be indirectly encouraged to take action. We know you are paranoid about your wife having affairs with other men. In fact, you have been accused of pressuring the Nassau County [New York] Police Department into investigating whether or not she was cheating on you. We are therefore encouraging any of our readers who come across Mrs. O'Reilly to give her a friendly smile. Apparently she could use a relationship outside a marriage that, we assume, she finds unfulfilling.

Get our point, Bill?

Finally, we would be remiss if we didn't mention your 2004 mix-up with former Fox News associate producer Andrea Mackris, who sued you for sexual harassment. She claimed that your repeated sexual overtures and numerous phone calls to her home created a hostile work environment. Here is a portion of your remarks, which were allegedly caught on tape: "So anyway, I'd be rubbing your big boobs and getting your nipples really hard, kinda kissing your neck from behind…and then I would take the other hand with the falalfel [sic] thing, and I'd put it in your pussy."

To top things off, according to Mackris, you even threatened her, warning, "If any woman breathed a word, I'll make her pay so dearly that she'll wish she'd never been born. I'll rake her through the mud, bring up things in her life and make her so miserable that she'll be destroyed." Since it's widely believed you settled with Mackris (some say to the tune of $20 million), we have to assume her accusations were true. If so, that makes you a pig as well as an asshole.

Wow! You know what, Bill? Given all of the foregoing, we're the real assholes for having waited so long to take another shot at you.

RETAIL REBOOT

The HUSTLER Hollywood store in Los Angeles recently hosted a fun-filled, star-studded event. More than 350 guests convened to celebrate a major makeover of the emporium, which opened its doors in 1998. Attendees included XXX performers Nikki Benz, Kayden Kross and Ron Jeremy; Josie and Steve Stevens from the reality show *Married to Rock*; hot models like Anastasia Pierce (showcased in HUSTLER's May '12 issue) and, of course, the man who started it all: Larry Flynt.

Larry Flynt with Kayden Kross, Nikki Benz & Puma Swede

Alicia Webb and Ron Jeremy

PHOTOS BY EMMREPORT.COM

"Every society honors its live conformists and its dead troublemakers." —MIGNON McLAUGHLIN, JOURNALIST

SEXY SUCTION

If you haven't picked up a copy of *National Review* in a while, take a look at what you are missing. Whoops! Did we say *National Review*? We meant to plug HUSTLER'S TABOO, which recently featured this intriguing image. We at HUSTLER and our sister mag could never publish the kind of filth they get away with in *National Review*. That rag has santorum dripping off of every page.

PHOTO COURTESY EPA

BEAST OF URINE

The Rolling Stones Fan Museum in Germany is getting heat from feminists for its unique urinals. Designed to resemble the band's iconic logo (which immortalized Mick Jagger's maw), the pissers' red lips are genderless but nonetheless have attracted the ire of women's rights advocates. If they think a urinal with huge lips is tasteless, wait until Rush Limbaugh builds a museum. The toilets will be shaped like Gloria Steinem.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Flo LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Flo, Progressive Insurance's eternally upbeat spokeswoman, is impossible to avoid. Her commercials play around-the-clock on television, and fans can even interact with the character on Facebook and Twitter. We've frankly heard enough out of Flo, so we came up with the perfect way to shut this corporate shill up.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Flo actually exists, and there's no truth to the rumor that Progressive offers a special discount to chicks who swallow. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Here's an appealing young lady striking a provocative pose. Such an explicit image was a real treat in the 1950s. Back then, getting an eyeful of wide-open beaver was as rare as a sober salesman. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

TWICE THE FUN

Hazel Jones received considerable media attention when she made a shocking revelation on British television: The 27-year-old from High Wycombe, England, has two pussies! The abnormality (or should we say blessing?) stems from uterus didelphys, a rare genetic disorder that triggers the development of two distinct sets of reproductive organs (each complete with a vagina), which are separated by a thin membrane. Just imagine the sexual possibilities. But don't tell Rick Santorum about Hazel; the former GOP candidate's head might explode.

"The tragedy is when you've got sex in the head instead of down where it belongs." —D.H. LAWRENCE, WRITER

NEWSBITES

PENALTY FOR EARLY WITHDRAWAL

The Spanish government's new austerity measures have understandably upset the population. In fact, citizens planned a general work stoppage to express their displeasure with the cost-cutting moves. According to the U.K.'s *Daily Mail* newspaper, the first Spaniards to go on strike were prostitutes. But their gripe went straight to the point: The hookers refused to have sex with bankers unless their banks agreed to open up lines of credit that might improve the country's economy. Supposedly, while consorting, banker johns tried to fool the ladies of the evening by claiming to toil in other professions. The gals knew better, though. Big-shot bankers are easily recognizable by their tiny cocks.

PIMP POWER

Dominique Strauss-Kahn, former head of the International Monetary Fund, is under investigation for his alleged involvement with a French prostitution ring. Police believe that luxury hotels were the setting for a call girl operation that catered to the wealthy. Prostitution is legal in France, but pimping (making money off of someone else's sexual trysts) is barred. What we found amusing was the charge that could be brought against Strauss-Kahn: aggravated pimping. Apparently that's an official term. We thought *Aggravated Pimping* was the title of a Snoop Dogg album.

WHAT A FUN-GI

Yale University researchers have made a remarkable discovery: Apparently, a fungus (*Pestalotiopsis microspora*) found in the Amazon jungle is capable of cleaning up the environment. The fungus can survive solely on polyurethane (a popular plastic) and dwell in an oxygen-free environment. This might be a major breakthrough in the global waste problem, as *Pestalotiopsis microspora* could be used to eliminate all of the plastic crap piled up in landfills. We hope that researchers find a fungus capable of eliminating an even greater threat to the planet's well-being: reality television shows.

BABY BURGERS?

Oklahoma state Senator Ralph Shortey has introduced a bill that would ban the use of human fetuses in food. However, this legislation addresses a nonexistent problem, as no company is currently making grub containing anything related to unborn babies. The Republican lawmaker took action after learning of unsubstantiated Internet rumors that stem cells were being used in the development of artificial sweeteners. If Shortey's bill eventually becomes law, think of all the fetus-related snacks that Oklahomans will never get to taste: chocolate mint embryo ice cream, stem cell crunchers, jalapeño fetus poppers....

"Love ain't nothing but sex misspelled." —HARLAN ELLISON, AUTHOR

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #34

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Secretary of the Treasury Tim Geithner is getting a lot of flack thanks to an op-ed piece he recently penned for the *Wall Street Journal*. Liberal and conservative commentators alike have taken issue with his assessment of what caused the financial meltdown—largely because it omits the Cabinet member from blame. Geithner failed to mention that, while working at the New York Fed, he had countless opportunities to sound the alarm about unsustainable growth in the housing market. Timmy either missed all of the warning signs or ignored them. He never objected to the easy-money policies that fueled the bubble, and he never voiced concerns about lenders making it easier and easier for people to purchase homes that they couldn't possibly afford. Banking analyst Dick Bove noted that when Geithner was working for the Treasury Department under the Clinton Administration, its future top gun supported the 1999 Gramm-Leach-Bliley bill, which allowed the too-big-to-fail banks to run amok. For his whitewashing of the historical record and for many other reasons, we will continue to crap on Geithner until he quits or gets fired.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

A HUSTLER reader spotted this sign on a central Missouri roadway. Boy, they sure are rubes out there. In California, we don't pull off the road for anything less than full penetration. Thanks to D.J. of Maryville, Illinois, for laying this pic on us!

Have you seen a funny sign? If so, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

BUSTED RONNY

Miranda O'Brien & Ronny

Looking for a cool collectible that also sends a "Fuck you!" message to the Republicans? Then check out the Gipper Reagan Bust. It's the latest creation in Frank Kozik's UltraViolence dictators series. The limited-edition novelty—only 200 were made—sells for $200.

A pink version of the former President's bust is available only from *Clutter* magazine, the ultimate news resource for designer toys. *Clutter* founder Miranda O'Brien (pictured with Ronny's bust) will donate a portion of the profits to the Women's Strike Force, a bipartisan group working to support candidates who oppose the Personhood Amendment and other legislative attacks on women.

Get the pink Gipper Reagan Bust at **ClutterMagazine.com**.

LUSTY LEGENDS

A new class has been inducted into the Legends of Erotica Hall of Fame. Held at Ray Pistol's Showgirl Video in Las Vegas, the ceremony honored XXX luminaries Kayla Kleevage, Felecia, Julia Ann, Katie Morgan, Dyanna Lauren, Tony Montana and Lexington Steele. These latest members were presented with either a gold rose (for the ladies) or a gold sword (for the gents). The inductees then pressed some flesh into wet cement for posterity's sake. Ms. Kleevage made a boob imprint that might qualify as Nevada's fourth-largest meteor crater.

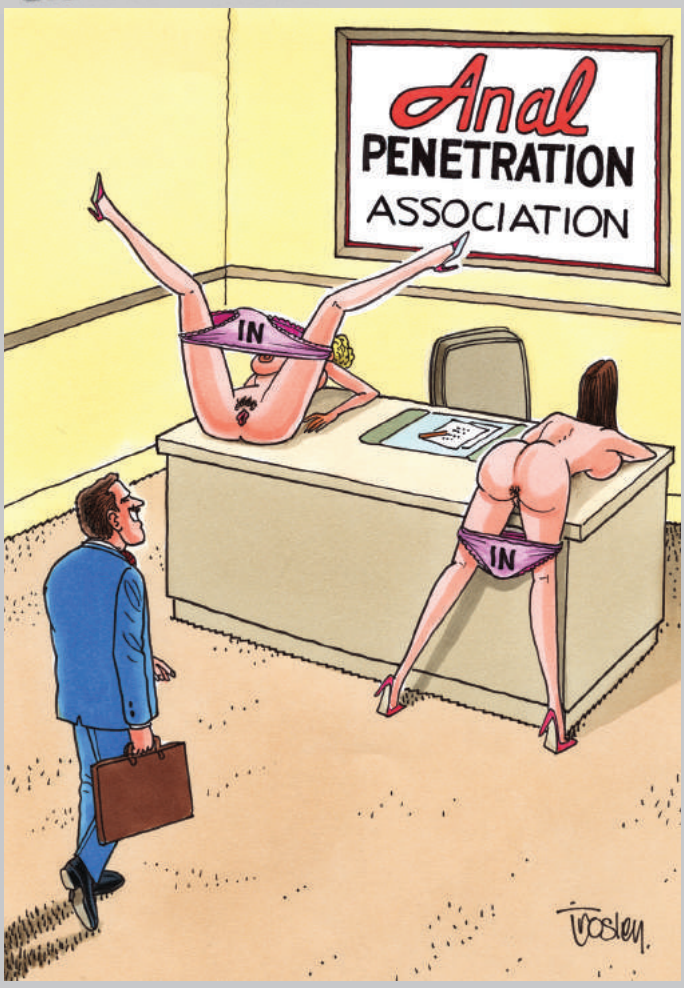
Kayla Kleevage before

Julia Ann

Kayla Kleevage after

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



ROCK AND HARDBODIES

Photographer David Kemp, a HUSTLER contributor and pal, has taken the plunge into publishing. He's the mastermind behind *Maximum Threshold*, a new magazine devoted to Kemp's two passions: rock music and hot babes. For more about the sharp-eyed entrepreneur, see "David Kemp: Rockin' Shutterbug," starting on page 64. To pick up the latest issue of his cool mag, head to **MaximumThreshold.com**.

"Sex relieves tension; love causes it." —WOODY ALLEN, COMEDIAN/FILMMAKER

MAKE MY HEART SING

KHYANNA SONG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

It was no accident that **Khyanna Song** added a kicker to her modeling moniker. “Music is such a big part of my life,” she reveals. “I listen to music when I’m driving, running, cooking, even when I’m sleeping sometimes. Everything I do has a soundtrack to it.”

Khyanna’s favorite musicians include DJ Calvin Harris and the band Maroon 5. She’s particularly enamored of M5’s lead singer. “My favorite guy in the world is Adam Levine,” **Khyanna** raves. “I’ve been a fan of his for a long time, and it’s cool to see him doing a television show now with *The Voice*.”

Even though **Khyanna** resides in Las Vegas, she isn’t always a fan of Sin City’s over-the-top party scene. “There’s always a lot going on,” the dancing aficionada reckons. “But sometimes I’m not up for the big crowds. For quieter nights, I’ve found some cool, under-the-radar spots only the locals know about.”

Enjoying music and going out on the town aren’t **Khyanna**’s only sidelines. She spends a lot of time toiling in her kitchen. “I like to cook,” the little darling declares. “I’m a really healthy eater these days. My other hobbies all involve being outside, whether it’s sunbathing, hiking or biking. I just love the feeling of sunshine on my skin.”

We’re pretty sure the sun’s rays love heating up scintillating **Khyanna Song**.

KHYANNA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Las Vegas | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-0 | WEIGHT: 102

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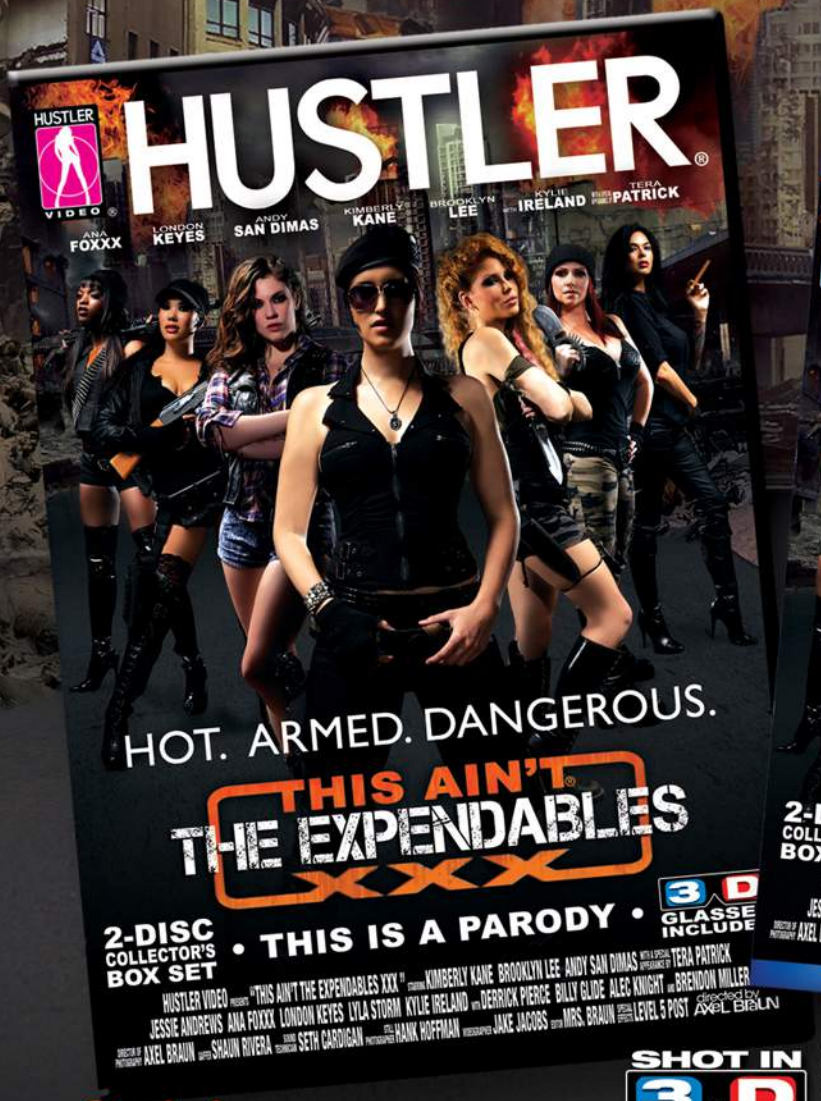

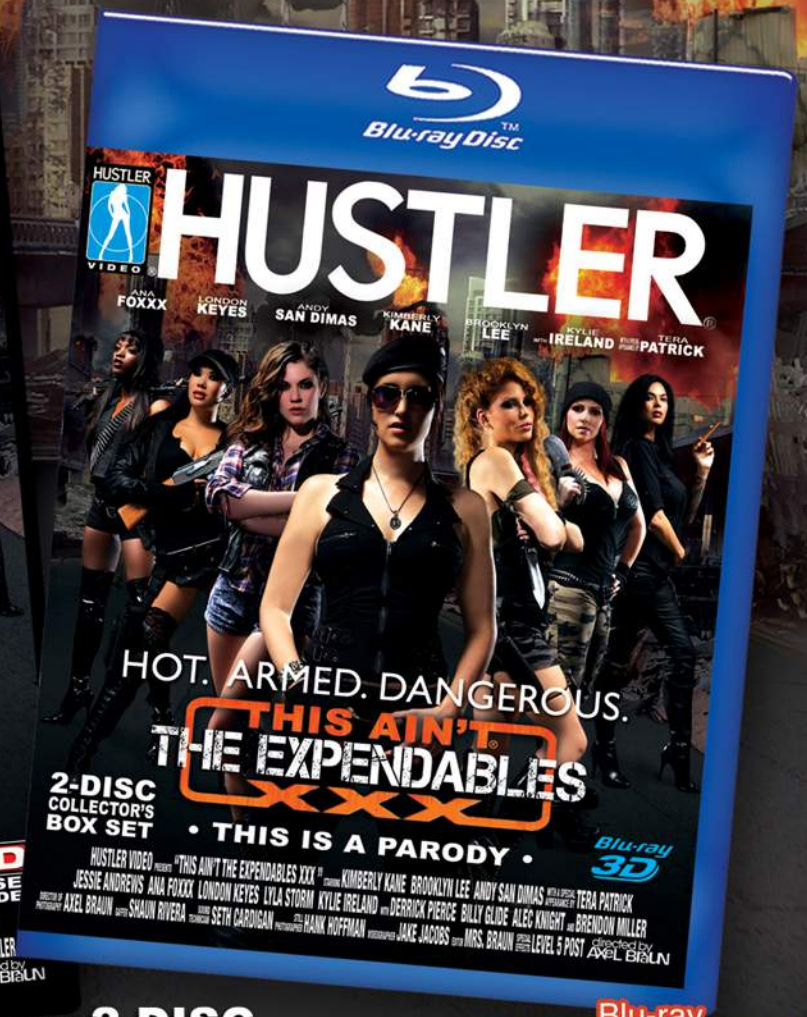

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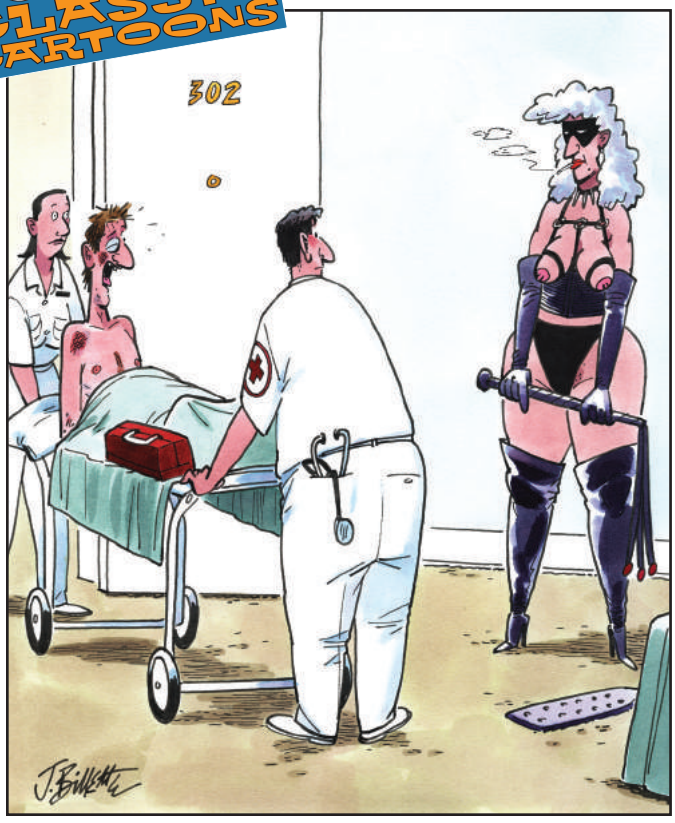

"When I get out of intensive care, can I see you again?"

"Well, okay. If you really want me to stay."

"Forced to please every throbbing black cock in the prison shower with his tight poop chute, Paul quickly relied on his scout training and relaxed his sphincter muscles..."

"I warned you about the consequences of all that anal sex in the '60s."

CHRIS JERICHO

FOZZY PHOTO BY DREW CROZIER

"I AM METAL!"

OUR EXCLUSIVE Q&A WITH A CHAMPION WRESTLER-TURNED ROCK GOD.

Former wrestling superstar Chris Jericho rocks—literally. During his almost-two-decade career, he reigned as the undisputed king of the ring, winning a record 30 title belts. Jericho is the only wrestler in history to dominate all three major professional federations: World Wrestling Entertainment (WWE), World Championship Wrestling (WCW) and Extreme Championship Wrestling (ECW).

In 2010, Jericho stepped away from the grueling sport to focus on his life's other driving passion: hard rock music. As lead singer of the heavy metal band Fozzy, he has made the transition to bona fide rock star. Backstage at the 2012 *Revolver* Golden Gods award show, Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt sat down with Jericho to discuss all things rock and wrestling.

HUSTLER: What was your greatest moment in the ring?

CHRIS JERICHO: Quite honestly, all of them! When I was a kid, I had two dreams: to be a wrestler and to be a rock star. I had the same amount of passion for both. The fact that I've had the opportunity to *do* both of them

is something I don't take for granted. Every time I've walked into the ring or onto the stage with Fozzy, it's a dream come true.

What was your worst injury?

In the ring, I broke my arm trying a shooting star press and wrestled that night with a broken arm. Onstage with my band Fozzy, I blew out my knee when I fell off the stage in Winnipeg—my hometown—but I finished the show.

Are there groupies in professional wrestling?

Yeah, there are groupies in wrestling just like there are groupies in rock 'n' roll. They're called strippers!

Have any of them gone to great lengths to try to meet you?

I find, nowadays, that girls or guys that go to great lengths to meet you are a little creepy—in the stalker category. I find in the Internet age, with Twitter and Facebook, it's easy for people to figure out where you're going to be, and you can pick them out quickly.

Why did you decide to leave wrestling behind?

I haven't left wrestling behind, but I've achieved everything I wanted to achieve. Now that Fozzy is growing at such a rapid rate, I want to spend as much time with the band as possible to help take Fozzy to the next level.

Was it hard to make the transition to rock star?

Anyone who knows me knows I know way more about music than I do about wrestling. Music is my thing. Wrestling took off first, but even during the height of it, I never stopped playing music, recording songs and doing gigs. Then in 1999, when I met Rich Ward, we started our band Fozzy, and that's when it became more of a professional real thing.

Wrestling and heavy metal are both a lot of fun and come from a similar place. They're aggressive forms of entertainment. Both are hard-hitting styles of entertainment that feed off the reaction you get from the crowd.

If you had to pick just one, would it have been music over wrestling?

I've never been that type of guy. If you ask me now, music would be the way I'd want to go because I've done everything in wrestling. But I've always wanted more from my life. I loved wrestling. I loved music. I wanted to do them both. If you would have asked me then [in 1999] which one I would want to do more, I would have said, "I want them both, but whichever one comes up first, I'll go with." I've been very lucky that both started going.

Do you miss wrestling at all?

I've done everything you can do in wrestling at the top of the level. So no.

Are people finally taking your band seriously?

After 12 years, we are finally starting to play in the big leagues. It may be at the bottom of the big leagues, but at least we got in the game. (*Laughs.*) I will continue to do everything I can to see the band grow. It's easier now because we've gone beyond that point where people are getting over the preconceptions and stereotypes about "the band with the guy in it who's a wrestler." As if we're wearing tights onstage and singing about body slams.

I like to use the band 30 Seconds to Mars for comparison. Their lead singer is Jared Leto, who is a very accomplished actor. But he's not onstage singing about Shakespeare and method acting. He's a real rock singer believing what he's doing.

> "WHEN I WAS A KID, I HAD TWO DREAMS: TO BE A WRESTLER AND TO BE A ROCK STAR. I HAD THE SAME AMOUNT OF PASSION FOR BOTH."

When we put out our last record, *Chasing the Grail*, we toured 16 countries, and people knew that this is real. It's not a part-time thing. I'm real—not just some guy pretending to be a rock star. It's who I am as a person, and our band kicks ass. The only people that don't like our band are the ones who have never checked us out.

What is the most important thing a rocker needs to make it?

You have to be willing to do something that has never been done before—a very unique vibe. You can't worry about what other people think. You have to be an individual. If you look at rock's biggest stars, they don't follow trends. They're who they are. No fake actions. Very real. There's no bullshit, pretentiousness or lies in heavy metal.

Since this is your third time hosting the Golden Gods, what are you doing differently this year?

PHOTO BY AMY HERBERT

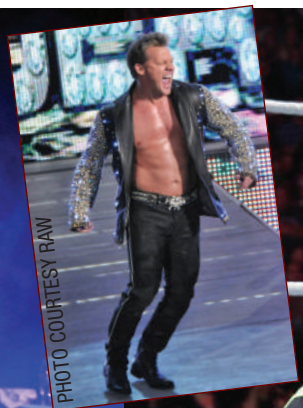

PHOTO COURTESY RAW

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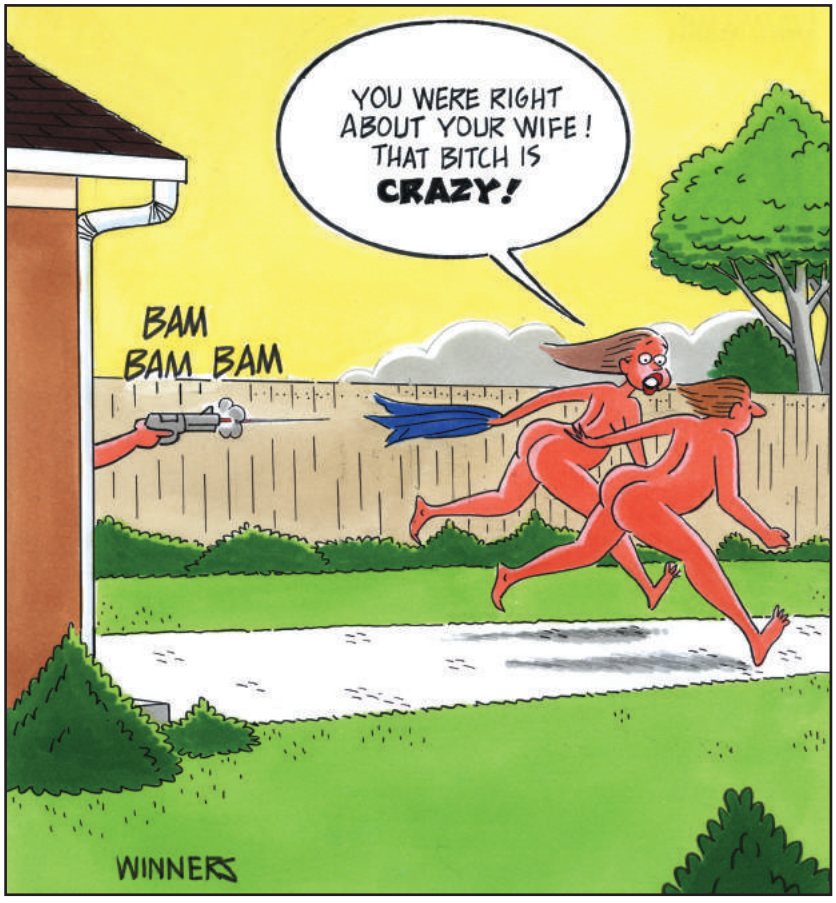


"There's something you don't see a lot of in this park anymore—heterosexuals!"

It's not just so much what I'm going to do. The beauty of a show like this is you have a different cast of characters, a different list of bands that play every year and different nominees. I pretty much just hold down the fort. It's not really about me. I do the opening monologue, tell some jokes and have some fun, but it's all about the bands and the fans' [voting] results. Last year I had to do double duty 'cause Fozzy played too. That was pretty intense and pretty stressful. This year it's kind of laid-back business as usual, so I can just relax and enjoy myself.

When you were growing up in Canada, which metal gods influenced you?

Metallica, Iron Maiden, KISS, Ozzy. A lot of the guys that are still at it and coming to the [Golden Gods] show. I was always a big Beatles guy too. It's cool to not just be fans of a lot of these guys now but peers of them as well. To become friends with them too is a real honor.

Does that mean you're still starstruck?

There are still a few guys. It took me a while. I've met James Hetfield [Metallica's lead singer] maybe five or six times now, and the first couple of times I was a wreck—a total fanboy. The last time I saw him, in San Francisco, we actually had a pretty good conversation and got to know each other a little bit more. So I don't have to come across as such a fanboy.

Whenever I come across Ozzy, I'm always a little bit nervous. There are certain guys at that level. I've never met [KISS member] Gene Simmons, and he'll be receiving this year's Golden God Award, so I'll be a little nervous probably to meet him. I know he's pretty intimidating as well. There's not many left that I haven't met, and it's always cool when you do meet someone you loved when you were younger. It gives you a real charge. A real buzz. Makes you feel like a kid again.

Now that heavy metal has the Golden Gods and a museum exhibit, has it become respectable?

I don't think it's ever going to be fully mainstream or accepted. It flirts with the big leagues sometimes. You saw Zakk Wylde on *American Idol*, and I did *Dancing With the Stars*. Maybe that's a sign of the apocalypse—or just metal breaking into the mainstream a little.

At the 2011 Golden Gods, it was the first time I ever met Geezer Butler [Black Sabbath bassist and lyricist], one of the biggest metal rock stars of all time. He came up to me to say, "I've been watching you on *Dancing With the Stars*. I even voted for you." Fuck, that gave me all the credibility I will ever need! I am now officially metal. I love flying the flag of metal in places it's never been flown before.

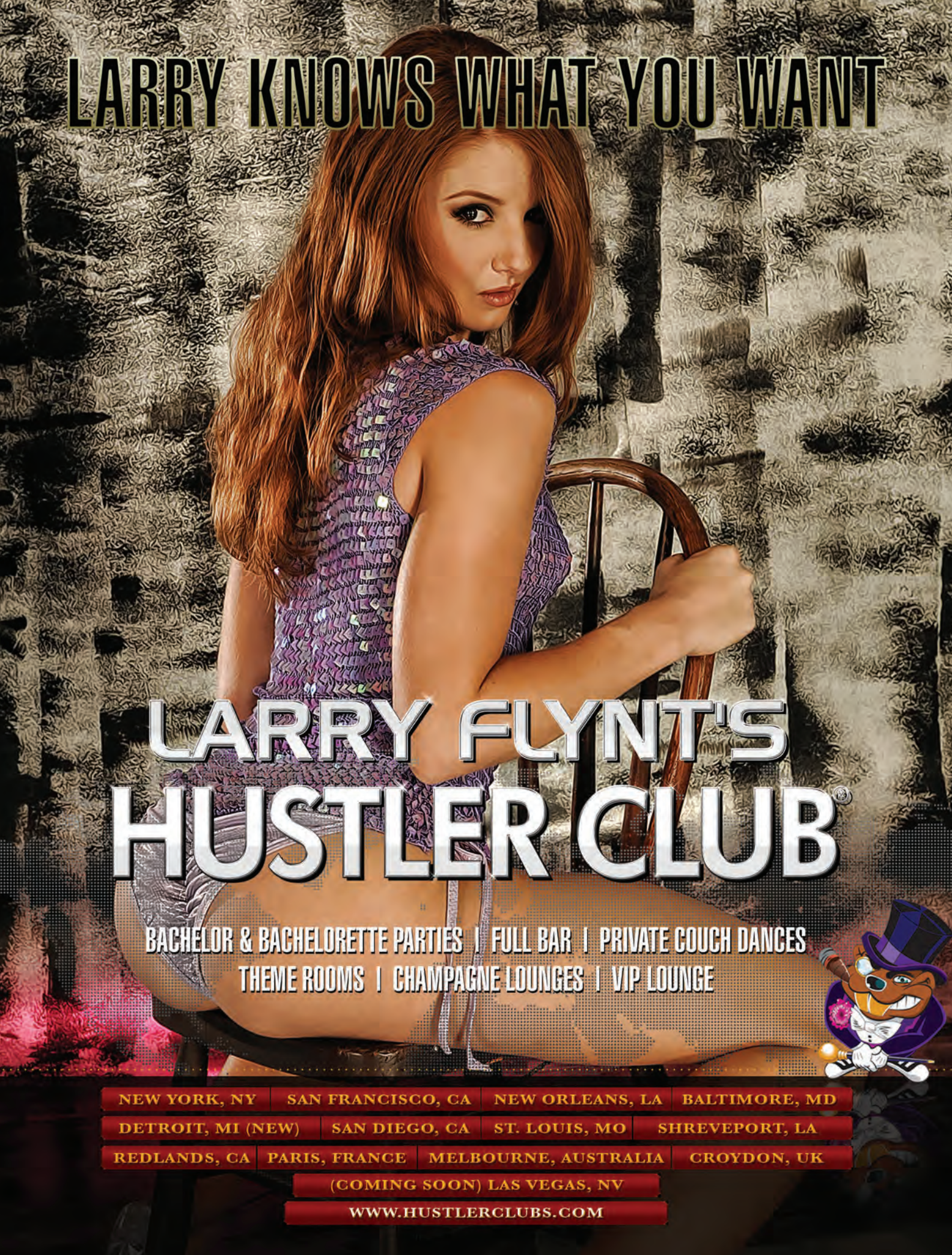
What draws people to heavy metal?

It's like a secret society—a real brotherhood. If you're a heavy metal fan and you meet another metal fan, you automatically become friends no matter what. It's big enough where we have that but not big enough to be in the arena at the Grammy Awards. It's never gonna be that. That's just the way it is.

There are guys that have made inroads. Dave Grohl [lead singer and guitarist of the rock band Foo Fighters] is one of the biggest metal fans you can meet, but there he was onstage playing with Paul McCartney closing the Grammy Awards. That doesn't make him wimpy or any less metal. If anything, it makes him more metal because he made it to that point.

Now that you're a rock singer, how different are the groupies?

It's great being a rock singer because it enabled me to have a twelvesome once in Peoria. The bad news is I lasted only 12 seconds!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BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

5′6
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4′6
4′0
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DOWNSIZE

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT MIDGET STRIPPERS BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK!

Good things, they say, come in small packages. Take Kat and Viva La Muerte as examples. Both are midgets (or, for those PC folks out there, "little people") who strip at adult-entertainment clubs and private parties from coast to coast. We discovered these bite-sized wonders through the talent agency **CenterfoldStrips.com**, which represents a veritable bastion of tiny dancers.

Kat, 24, was somewhat of a celebrity before making it big as a G-string diva. Born in Marion, Ohio, and now residing in Columbus, she had a recurring role from ages five through seven as a dwarf on the 1990s Nickelodeon children's show *Allegra's Window*. But after graduating from high school, the 3-foot-11 tigress discovered the thrill of exotic dancing. Ultimately adopting the stage moniker Kat the Midget Entertainer, she's never looked back.

"Was I born to strip?" Kat rhetorically asks us. "Damn straight! I always knew that I was one of the more attractive little people out there. I figured I could make a living out of it, and it's turned out well."

Appearances on *Good Morning America* and *The Jerry Springer Show* further bolstered her status on the dance circuit. "Despite my physical features," Kat chimes, "when clients and audience members see my bashful smile, passion for mingling and silly faces, they know that I'm not ashamed of how God made me. And they especially like my petite, proportionate figure and perky, pierced breasts!"

Kat

"I always knew that I was one of the more attractive little people out there. I figured I could make a living out of it, and it's turned out well."

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE COURTESY KAT THE MIDGET ENTERTAINER

THIS!

Viva La Muerte

Like Kat, 29-year-old Viva La Muerte also began stripping professionally once she turned 18 but not on a full-time basis. While attending college, the 4-foot-4 Chicago native entered amateur stripping contests (and won a bunch of them) before moving on to occasional burlesque work. After earning a B.A. degree in marketing, Viva continued to moonlight as a stripper. Until recently, that is.

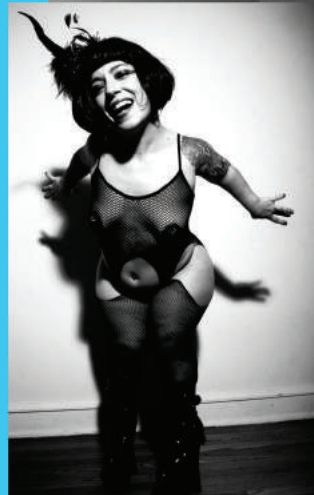
"Well, when I got laid off a few months ago from a corporate day job at a Chicago marketing agency," she candidly tells us, "I grabbed my stripping work by the balls. Now I'm doing it full-time, and things have been going great."

Viva's shows are typically elaborate tributes to hard rock and heavy metal giants like AC/DC (donning and doffing the signature Angus Young schoolboy outfit), KISS, Alice Cooper and Judas Priest. "For the Priest show, I come out on a mini-motorcycle with leather chaps, a whip and stuff sewn into my costume which lights on fire," Ms. La Muerte marvels. "It's just insanity!"

We inquire if Viva's fans especially savor another aspect of her dynamic act. "That would have to be my ass!" she howls. "Omigod, it's the biggest thing about me! It's the only thing that grew!"

Danny Capozzi, the CEO of New York-based Centerfold Strips, notes that his pint-sized peelers are "absolutely" one of his largest draws. "Next to our regular-sized, gorgeous female performers," he says, "the little people—males *and* females—are the agency's most popular category. Folks are looking to do something different for a bachelor or bachelorette party, a birthday, whatever. That's a big part of the attraction. But also, little people are in so much major media right now—whether it's movies or TV commercials—that people are just really intrigued by them."

For more on Kat and Viva La Muerte, go to: **Facebook.com/TheOfficialKatTheMidget**, **VivaLaMuerte.us** and **CenterfoldStrips.com**.



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"When I got laid off a few months ago...I grabbed my stripping work by the balls."

Viva La Muerte

PHOTO COURTESY K LEO

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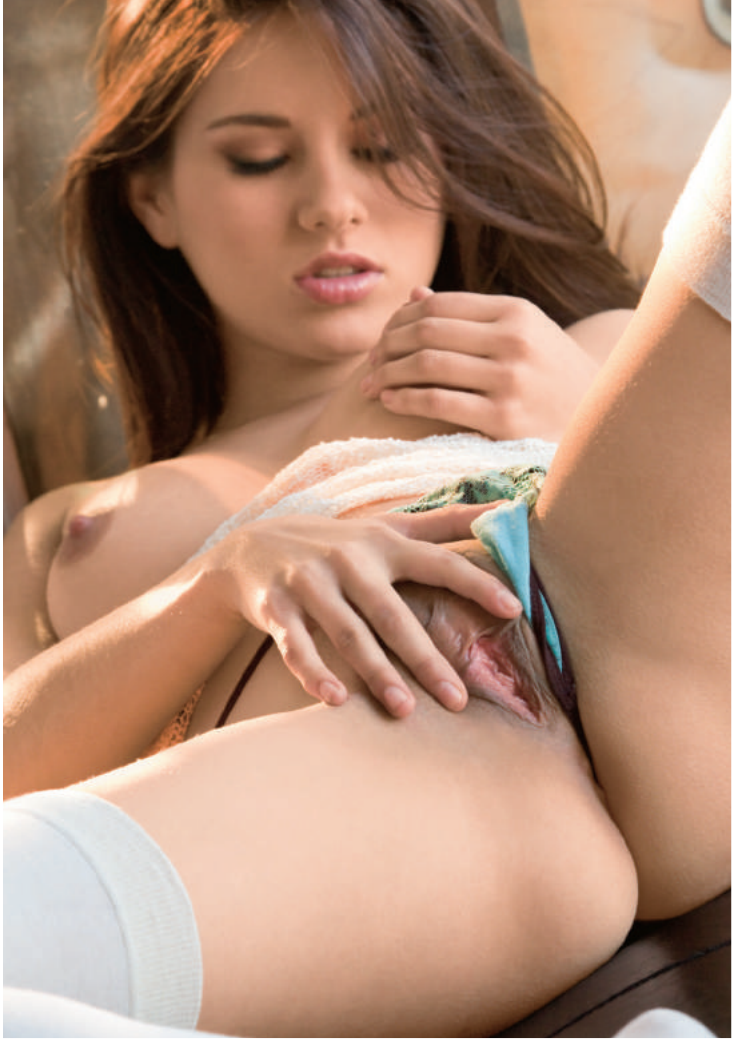
SHYLA JENNINGS

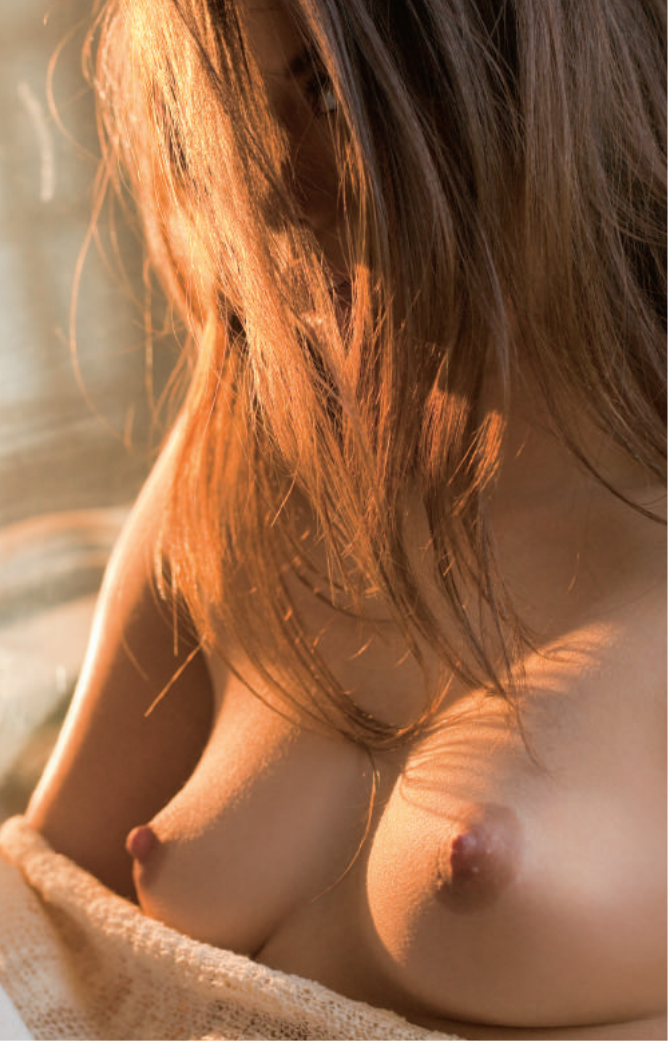
When it comes to good lovin', **Shyla Jennings** doesn't discriminate. The bombshell from the heart of Texas finds men and women equally appealing. "What I find sexy about a man is a chest and his jawline," she discloses. "When it comes to women, I love curves and a pretty face."

Regardless of gender, there's one quality that **Shyla**'s paramours all must possess: "They have to know how to kiss like a champion."

Working in the adult industry has allowed **Shyla** to live out many of her sexual fantasies, but one object of desire—a fellow porn performer—has thus far been elusive. "I want to get Bree Daniels into my bed at home," **Shyla** confides. "I've wanted to make that chick my girlfriend for a long time!"

The way **Shyla** perceives things, every day is a gift. "I'm passionate about everything in my life," she remarks. "Simple pleasures make me really happy—whether it's hanging out with friends, taking a nature hike or licking the inner thigh of a beautiful girl!"





SHYLA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Antonio, Texas | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 100

BY PAUL KRASSNER

ABORTING FREEDOM

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN POLITICS ENTERS THE WOMB

The Dinosaur Follies—better known as the 2012 Republican Presidential primaries—sucked so badly that the candidates finally turned themselves inside out. Most disgusting was the way they all pandered to their fanatical, antichoice constituents. Ironically, those same puritan politicians supposedly promoting small government also thought it was just fine to force new laws into countless unwilling vaginas.

My Campaign Pandering Award goes to Mitt Romney. He wants to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, the landmark 1973 Supreme Court decision that deemed abortion a woman's fundamental right under the Constitution. And yet in 1994, when Romney was running for the U.S. Senate, he came out in favor of choice for women. Freelance journalist Suzan Mazur revealed he'd admitted to Mormon feminist Judith Dushku that "the brethren" in Salt Lake City told him he could take a pro-choice position and that, in fact, he probably had to in order to win an election in a liberal state like Massachusetts.

While Romney now believes that life begins at conception, Rick Santorum believes that life begins at foreplay. He has gone way beyond taking a fanatical stand against a woman's right to abortion. Santorum is also against contraception even though that would prevent the need for an abortion. And he vows to "ban all pornography"—or as I call it, "masturbation helper"—despite the fact that porn would negate the need for contraception. Basically, Santorum is against pleasure itself, but he *is* for thought control.

When abortion was illegal in this country, women had no option but to seek out back-alley butchers to perform the procedure. If there was a botched surgery, and the patient had to be hospitalized, the police were called; they wouldn't allow a doctor to provide a painkiller until the woman divulged the information they sought.

In 1962, a *Look* magazine article stated, "There is no such thing as a 'good' abortionist. All of them are in business strictly for money." But in my own magazine, the *Realist*, I published an anonymous interview with Dr. Robert Spencer, a humane abortionist who was known as "The Saint."

Patients from around the country came to his office in Ashland, Pennsylvania. Dr. Spencer had been performing abortions for 40 years, originally charging five dollars and never charging more than a hundred. He rarely used the word *pregnant*. Rather, he would say, "She was that way, and she came to me for help." He talked about "the voice of the uterus."

Lugging my gigantic Webcor tape recorder, I took a five-hour bus trip from New York City to Ashland. It was a small town, and Dr. Spencer's work was not merely tolerated, but the community also depended on it. The hotel, the restaurant, the dress shop all thrived on the extra business that came from his out-of-town patients.

At his clinic, Dr. Spencer built facilities for African-American patients who weren't allowed to obtain overnight lodging elsewhere in Ashland. A sign on the ceiling over his operating table said "Keep Calm."

After my interview with Dr. Spencer was published in the *Realist*, I began to get phone calls from scared, desperate women. They all were in search of a safe abortionist. It was preposterous that they felt compelled to contact the editor of a satirical magazine, but they simply didn't know where else to turn.

With Dr. Spencer's permission, I referred them to him. At first, there were only a few calls each week, then several every day. I had never intended to become an underground abortion referral service, but I wasn't going to stop just because the next issue of the *Realist* would be containing an interview with somebody else.

A few years later, Pennsylvania state police raided Dr. Spencer's clinic and arrested him. He remained out of jail only by the grace of politi-

cal pressure from those he'd helped. Dr. Spencer was finally forced to retire from his practice, but I continued mine, referring callers to other physicians he'd recommended.

From time to time, I'd be offered money by a woman seeking an abortion, but I never accepted it. And whenever a doctor offered a kickback, I refused. But I'd insist that he give a discount for the same amount to those patients referred by me.

Eventually I was subpoenaed by district attorneys in two cities to appear before grand juries investigating abortion providers. On both occasions, I refused to testify, and each time the D.A. tried to frighten me into cooperating with the threat of arrest.

In Liberty, New York, my name had been extorted from an abortion patient by threatening her with arrest. That's why one morning at around six o'clock, there was a knock on my door. With reluctance, I was soon being driven a hundred miles to Liberty's district attorney by the subpoena-waving man who'd awakened me. I was delivered to the D.A., who told me that the doctor had confessed everything on tape. He then gave me until two o'clock that afternoon to change my mind about testifying or else the police would come to take me away.

"I'd better call my lawyer," I said. I went outside to a public phone and called not a lawyer but the doctor.

"That never happened," he said.

I returned to the D.A.'s office and told him that my lawyer said to continue being uncooperative. Then I just sat there waiting for the cops. "They're on their way," the D.A. kept warning me. But at two o'clock he simply said, "Okay, you can go home now."

Bronx District Attorney Burton Roberts took a different approach. In September 1969, he told me that his staff had found an abortionist's financial records that showed all the money I had received. Roberts went on to say that if I cooperated with the grand jury, he'd grant me immunity from prosecution.

The D.A. extended his hand. "That's not true," I said, refusing to shake hands with him. If I had ever accepted any money, I'd have no way of knowing that he was bluffing. Roberts was angry, but he finally had to let me go.

On my behalf, attorney Gerald Lefcourt filed a suit challenging the constitutionality of New York State's abortion law. Lefcourt pointed out that the district attorney had no power to investigate the violation of an unconstitutional law, and therefore he could not force me to testify.

In 1970, I became the only plaintiff in the first lawsuit to declare New York State's abortion laws unconstitutional. "Later, various women's groups joined the suit," Lefcourt recalls, "and ultimately the New York legislature repealed the criminal sanctions against abortion prior to the Supreme Court decision in *Roe* v. *Wade*."

Dr. Spencer never knew about that. He had died in 1969. An obituary in the *New York Times* acknowledged the existence of his abortion clinic. The obituary in Ashland's local paper did not.

When I interviewed Dr. Spencer, I asked, "Do you have any idea about how many actual abortions you've performed during all these years?"

"To be accurate," he replied, "it's 27,006." The figure, he added, included many women who had been impregnated by police and priests alike.

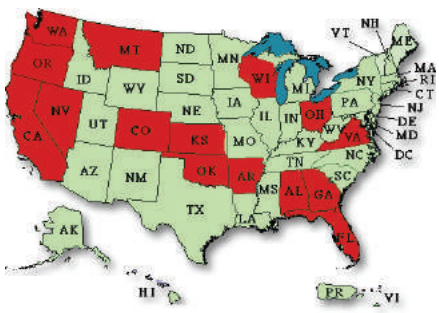
I never kept records of how many referrals I made, but I'd estimate at least a thousand. At one point I thought the FBI might be listening to my phone calls, and I spoke with a telephone operator to see if there was a way I could find out. She asked me why I thought my line was being tapped, and I said, "Because I refer women to doctors who perform abortions."

It turned out that the operator was pregnant and didn't want to be. I was glad to help her out. No wonder my religion is Coincidence.

The author preparing an issue of the *Realist* in his New York loft during the '60s.

PHOTO COURTESY PAUL KRASSNER

Paul Krassner edited his satirical magazine the *Realist* from 1958 to 2001. When *People* magazine called him "father of the underground press," he immediately demanded a paternity test. Krassner, who was a cofounder of the Yippies (Youth International Party) and a fellow traveler of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, has authored several books. Recently, the writers' organization PEN honored him with its Lifetime Achievement Award. Krassner also publishes the infamous Disneyland Memorial Orgy poster available at PaulKrassner.com.



The Antiabortion Personhood Movement

Republican lawmakers and Bible-thumping extremists are championing the Personhood Amendment in more than a dozen states across the nation. By defining that human life begins at conception, the measure essentially grants full legal rights to fertilized eggs. If passed, the Personhood Amendment would not only ban virtually all abortions, even in cases of rape and incest, but also oral contraceptives, IUDs and other methods to prevent pregnancy—a devastating blow to the 99% of women in the United States who use some form of birth control. A victory would also prohibit married women from conceiving via in vitro fertilization and outlaw embryonic stem-cell research.

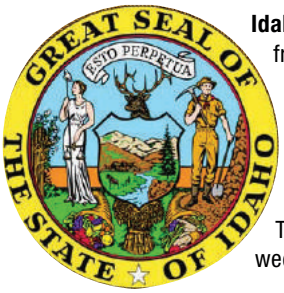
The American Congress of Obstetricians and Gynecologists has declared that personhood measures "erode women's basic rights to privacy and bodily integrity, deny women access to the full spectrum of preventive healthcare and undermine the doctor-patient relationship." Even a resounding rejection in 2011 by Mississippi voters and a pair of defeats in Colorado haven't been able to quell the advocates of "life begins at conception," most notably Colorado-based Personhood USA. Here are at least 15 states where you might see the Personhood Amendment on your ballot this year: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Virginia, Wisconsin and Washington.

—Kimberly Cheng

STATES THAT HAVE CRIMINALIZED ABORTION

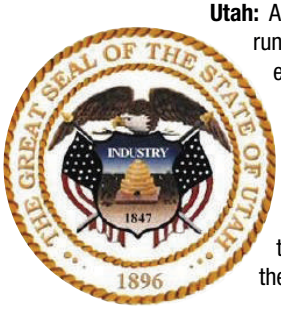
Here's a list of a dozen states where abortion is virtually illegal, thus endangering women's health and freedom.

Alabama: Although many antichoice organizations and leaders have promised that recriminalizing abortion would not result in the prosecution and imprisonment of women, the claim that human eggs, embryos and fetuses have separate legal rights has provided the basis for the arrest of about 60 women. They've been prosecuted under a 2006 state law that was designed to provide special penalties for people who bring children into meth labs.



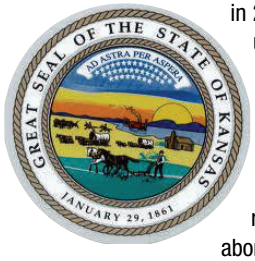
Idaho: The number of abortion providers fell from seven in 2005 to four in 2011. The first arrest wasn't a doctor but a mother of three who was charged with "unlawful abortion" for ingesting pills to induce a miscarriage because of the state's recent ban on post-20-week abortions. The woman believed she was only 14 weeks pregnant.

Iowa: Having accidentally fallen down some stairs, a pregnant woman went to a hospital. After mentioning to a nurse that she had briefly considered abortion early in her pregnancy, the nurse called the cops, claiming the mishap was attempted self-abortion. The accident victim was arrested.



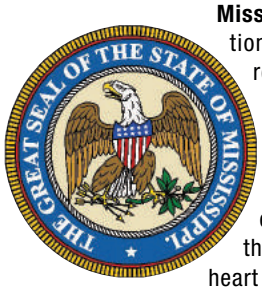
Utah: A 17-year-old—living without electricity or running water in a rural area—was impregnated by an older man who is now facing charges of using her in child pornography. The girl paid another man $150 to beat her in the stomach. It didn't work, but she was charged with criminal solicitation for murder. (It's worth noting that at the time, there were only seven abortion providers in the entire state.)

Louisiana: This state has a law allowing abortion clinics to be shut down for any violation of any regulation no matter how minor. Not surprisingly, there are a whole bunch of edicts that apply solely to abortion providers. So far, a clinic in New Orleans has been forced to close.



Kansas: When Dr. George Tiller was assassinated in 2009, a family physician offered to continue performing abortions at his Wichita clinic. She was barraged with threats and harassment. The U.S. Department of Justice tried to get a restraining order on one antichoice extremist who threatened to kill her, but a federal judge denied the request. Kansas now has only one licensed abortion clinic, in Highland Park.

Virginia: This state uses legal harassment to run abortion providers out of business. In addition, antichoice zealots have been trying to interfere with the U.S. Department of Health's decision to allow abortion clinics to operate. If the antichoice advocates succeed, at least 17 of 22 clinics will have to shut their doors.



Mississippi: This state has only one abortion clinic and Governor Phil Bryant recently signed a bill that would effectively shut it down. Meanwhile, Rennie Gibbs—a 15-year-old who gave birth to a stillborn baby—is now facing the possibility of life in prison. When prosecutors learned of her cocaine habit, they charged Gibbs with the "depraved-heart murder" of her child.

Indiana: A woman who was abandoned by her boyfriend had two mental breakdowns then tried to commit suicide while pregnant. She later gave birth to a baby that survived only four days. The mother was charged with murder—an attempt not only to criminalize abortion but also to set the legal groundwork for prosecuting women for murder if they terminate their pregnancies.

Arizona: The ACLU's Reproductive Freedom Project has called this state's antiabortion law the "most extreme bill of its kind." That's because it cuts the time period for a legal abortion to 18 weeks since the government considers life to begin from the last day of the woman's menstrual cycle. Not only does it defy science, but such an early cutoff date precludes the detection of any fetal abnormalities that might suggest an abortion is advisable. The bill also specifies a mandatory ultrasound—requiring insertion of a vaginal probe!—for anyone seeking an abortion. In addition, her doctor is obligated to show the ultrasound to the pregnant woman and provide her with a photo of the unborn baby.

Ohio: Legislation that would ban voluntarily terminating any pregnancy when the fetus has a heartbeat has passed the House and is pending in the Senate, but if the bill becomes law, it could essentially criminalize all abortions in this state. In many pregnancies, there's a detectable heartbeat before a woman notices that her period is late.

South Dakota: In 2011, Republican Governor Dennis Daugaard signed a law requiring a three-day waiting period as well as consultation with a registered antichoice pregnancy help center before a woman can have an abortion. Since there aren't any antichoice centers willing to counsel abortion patients, the law in effect bans abortion. Planned Parenthood, which runs the only abortion clinic in the state, has been seeking an injunction to prevent the law from being enforced while its lawsuit is pending.

Meanwhile, nearly 36% of patients at Fargo, North Dakota's only abortion clinic come from out of state, mostly South Dakota. And to avoid the hassle in Ohio, women have been traveling to clinics in Detroit. When it comes to getting a safe abortion, the name of the game is Musical States. *—P.K.*

DOCTOR BOB – IS IT POSSIBLE TO GET PREGNANT FROM HAVING ANAL SEX?!
YES IT IS, TRUDY... AND ALL OF THOSE BABIES GROW UP TO BE LAWYERS.
J.B.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

THE PRICE IS TIGHT

KIRSTEN PRICE

Porn star **Kirsten Price** loves to get her creative juices flowing. “Being artistic in any way is very therapeutic for me,” she admits. “I really enjoy creating things—making jewelry, sewing, even just blinging out my costumes.”

But **Kirsten**, who takes the stage at strip clubs nationwide as a featured exotic dancer, has a slew of diverse interests. Musically, she listens to everything from Led Zeppelin to Buddy Holly to dubstep. **Kirsten** also digs reality TV, especially *Project Runway*, and sprawling fantasy epics like *Game of Thrones*.

Most surprisingly, **Kirsten** is a history buff. “I love reading books on historical subjects,” she informs us. “I just finished *The Complete History of the Tudor Dynasty*.”

Although **Kirsten** has gotten down and dirty in numerous hardcore flicks, the babe’s most memorable sexual encounter occurred in her personal life. “It was the first time I did it with my boyfriend,” she reveals. “There was a lot of build-up before our first date, and I was really nervous. He’s a fellow porn star and known for having a really large penis. We were at a very famous Hollywood hotel when the big moment came and everything was amazing and perfect…except I bled everywhere. Not only was it embarrassing, but they charged him $500 to clean the sheets. What a way to make a first impression!”

Kirsten enjoys her work, but nevertheless she envisions someday walking away from the XXX world. "I definitely want to start a family," she notes. "When I'm done with all of this porn craziness, that is."

KIRSTEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Rehoboth, Massachusetts | AGE: 30 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 105

BY MATT HOGE

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF CARLA HARVEY

DAYTIME'S COMIC BOOK MASTERMIND ZAPS INTO AN UNINHIBITED ROCK STAR AT NIGHT.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Anyone who has witnessed Carla Harvey perform with the shock-rock band Butcher Babies would be surprised to learn that her fearless stage presence conceals the complicated soul of an introverted comic book nerd. Since relocating to Southern California, the multitalented Michigan native has worked as an entertainment reporter with Playboy TV, landed gigs as an actress and earned a college degree in mortuary science. But comic books have always had a special place in Harvey's life, a fact that is confirmed with the release of her graphic novel *Soul Sucka*.

Collaborating with accomplished illustrator Anthony Winn, Harvey spins the blaxploitation-influenced tale of Delphine Johnson, who's actually a kick-ass, "afroed-out" female vampire named Soul Sucka. (BTW: The bloodsucker bears a striking resemblance to Harvey.) Winn, who's currently developing a *Stripperella* reboot with Stan Lee, and Harvey previously teamed up on a pair of *Butcher Babies* comics.

Soul Sucka, a high-concept comic, explores ideas that are near and dear to Harvey's heart. "The obvious theme is race relations," she explains, "but it's also about learning to deal with being different. Not only is my lead character biracial, but she's also half vampire."

Besides tapping her imagination, Harvey drew upon childhood memories to craft her heroine. "I put a lot of myself into this character," she admits. "Dealing with my own issues helped me make Soul Sucka into a multidimensional character, not just a foxy broad with fangs."

Art has always been a sanctuary for Harvey. She grew up in the notoriously rough city of Detroit, where her African-American father worked for the Ford Motor Company and her mother was an optician. But young Carla also had to grapple with her parents' divorce.

"I would spend a lot of time alone in my room listening to music, reading, writing and drawing," Harvey recalls. "Those things saved me from becoming a complete hooligan. They were a nondestructive outlet for all the anger and sadness I felt over my parents' split and the alienation I felt growing up biracial in a place that is oddly segregated even today."

Comics were an escape for Harvey, who was first fascinated by *The Incredible Hulk*. Eventually she found a taste for edgier fare like *Tank Girl*, *Dawn* and *Johnny the*

PHOTO BY EMMREPORT.COM

Homicidal Maniac. "By high school," Harvey states, "I was seeking out really dark underground stuff and inhaling everything Robert Crumb."

Carla even began creating her own comics. When her Detroit public school became too dangerous, she transferred to an all-girls Catholic school that was, in Harvey's words, "full of self-absorbed rich girls that got the pony and the Jeep they wanted on their birthdays." She wrote and drew short comics that skewered those overprivileged bitches, depicting scenarios like "the head cheerleader fucking a horse."

Despite her genuine geek credentials, Harvey is still hunting for respect from comic book enthusiasts. While the *Butcher Babies* comics were warmly received, Harvey sometimes worries that she's not being taken seriously. "The reaction I got from the crowds at Comic-Con was a bit disheartening at first," she laments. "People assumed I was just a booth babe—even with my name right there on the cover of the book!"

Carla Harvey lives a double life, moving fluidly between the quiet, isolated existence of a writer and the adrenaline rush of pedal-to-the-metal rock 'n' roll shows. "Both sides of me are very real and feed off of each other," Harvey notes. "I need the loneliness and awkwardness to fuel my onstage self. Having that onstage self, a place to release all of this energy, helps me keep my demons in check."

To purchase *Soul Sucka* or learn more about the rocker's comic book creations, visit **DeepCutProductions.net**. For all things Carla, check out **CarlaHarvey.com**.

BY LERA GAVIN

PHOTO BY LERA GAVIN

Notes from a MIAMI DOMINATRIX PART 2

CONTINUING HER KINKY CHRONICLE, A RECENT COLLEGE GRAD DETAILS HER UNBRIDLED PASSION FOR INFLICTING PAIN AND TORMENT.

After emigrating from Uzbekistan, my family found a place to live in Staten Island in 2002, when I was 13. Back then, the movie *Schindler's List* was a big favorite. Something really turned me on about Ralph Fiennes in full Nazi regalia. Then I began dating, but few of the relationships lasted beyond a date or two. It was hard finding a nice boy willing to strangle me. Usually they cursed me out and rushed for the door once they heard what I wanted.

Like Vladimir Nabokov's Lolita, I was an "exasperating brat" prone to "fits of disorganized boredom" and "vehement and intense griping." Males of my age could not handle me, so just like the young beauty created by the Russian literary genius, I became attracted to older men. Only they would put up with my caprices.

Given my biography, becoming a professional domme seemed like the perfect career choice.

As I placed the nipple clamps on my first client, a sorrowful widower, he dared to speak. "Mistress, I want to be punched in the stomach. Please! A bad boy like me deserves to be in pain."

"All right," I replied, dragging him across the room by the collar. Then I tied both of his ankles and one wrist to an X-shaped, wooden contraption known as a Saint Andrew's cross.

But I hesitated to throw the first punch. I'm not some South Beach stick chick—I'm more a broad-shouldered Xena Warrior Princess-type. I was afraid I might hurt him. The safety of the client is a constant worry for the professional domme. I didn't want to end up in the newspapers like Massachusetts dominatrix Barbara Asher, a/k/a Mistress Lauren M, who was arrested for involuntary manslaughter in 2000 after one of her clients died of a heart attack during a session. Although Asher was eventually acquitted, the case sent a shock wave through the bondage/discipline/sadomasochism scene. I comforted myself with the knowledge that at least I knew CPR.

"Sitting before me, squirming, is a scrawny young man in his late 20s with acne and a jutting overbite. He wants to be publicly humiliated. He's sitting on a vibrating butt-plug that's operated by remote."

I looked at the head mistress, a Cuban who was on hand just to observe. She was waiting for me to show I had what it takes. "Go on, hit him," she said.

I took a deep breath, swung my arm back as far as it would go and threw the hardest punch I could muster into his solar plexus. The sub yelped in agony but did not cry "Red!"—a code word kinky people use when they want to stop a session. Then I threw another punch. And another. This aroused him. He smiled and smiled some more. Then it was over.

I left the dungeon to smoke a cigarette. I was exhausted. My muscles ached. Being a dominatrix was hard, physical labor.

The head mistress followed me outside. "You did great," she said. She pulled a roll of money from her cleavage and handed me a hundred bucks. My first session was a success.

I quickly learned my new profession. There were a number of rules, the most important of which was no sexual intercourse. That counts as prostitution, which is illegal. No direct genital-to-genital contact is permitted, but you can tie up a client and shock him with an electric wand. Go figure.

Strap-on dildos, I was told, occupy a legal gray area. A court might construe their use as sodomy, which could earn you a fine and jail time. But the law is rarely enforced, so a lot of girls do it. Urination and defecation on a client are both things never done on a first visit. There's no way to know who's a cop.

Then there's the psychology of it. Submissives—sometimes called slaves—are allowed to address the domme only as "mistress" and are punished if they fail to do so. Clients are forbidden from looking the mistress directly in the eye; that's a sign of disrespect.

After the client leaves, the mistress is expected to clean sex toys and dispose of any rubber gloves. She must also wipe down the surfaces of the equipment with paper towels in preparation for the next customer.

Over six months, I saw male sexuality in all its kinky variety: from guys into light spanking and sensual sweet talk to those who are into hard-core caning and lashings of humiliation.

During the 2010 Winter Music Conference, my boss received a call from a drunken tourist who requested a severe double-domme corporal-punishment session. He left the level of severity up to us.

He was an odd fish—a long and lean guy who enjoyed partying to techno music. He arrived at the dungeon two hours after the scheduled midnight appointment. Displeased, we strapped his naked body to the bondage table and caned him in the rear for a full hour. There was even some blood. He begged us to stop, but since he didn't use the code word "red," we refused. When I poured salt and alcohol onto his wounded flesh, he cried like a little baby. But there was still no code red.

The dungeon's owner taunted him: "We thought you could handle corporal punishment. I guess not." The sub lay on the table sobbing for ten minutes. Then, suddenly, he stopped. "It was more than I expected," he stuttered, looking drained. "I really enjoyed it."

The meticulous fantasies that some men have are often comical. That they are willing to pay to fulfill those fantasies is even funnier.

A recent client walked into the dungeon with a plastic bag full of props: a clown nose, a ballet tutu and a butt-plug with a piggy tail attached to it. I dressed him in the tutu while he attached the clown nose with a tube of glue. He knelt before me and began sniffing as if he were searching for truffles. "Oink, oink," he grunted.

Annoyed at his porcine impertinence, I slapped his face and grabbed his hair, which—much to my surprise—came off in my hand. It was a toupee. He reattached it with the same tube of glue he had used for the clown nose, while I tried to suppress my giggles.

Men seek refuge in a dungeon for a variety of reasons, but one of the most obvious is they are afraid to share their deepest and darkest fantasies with their wives or girlfriends. One such guy—one of the few clients I've developed an emotional bond with—was a tall, handsome European businessman who visited me every Tuesday. Loving me as a submissive should love a mistress, he couldn't get enough of my insults.

I loved him as a dominatrix loves her human pet. He was a creative man who always amused me and showered me with gifts—bottles of fine wine and dresses—as well as very generous tips. Every week it would be something new with him. One week I would be a cruel mistress; the next I would be a sensual goddess who would whisper naughty things in his ear and gently spank his bottom. Our fantasy play came to an abrupt end when his wife discovered evidence of our weekly assignations.

I was heartbroken when I learned our *(continued on page 151)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

LADIES' CHOICE
FRANZISKA FACELLA

Disproving the myth that German chicks can't get enough sausage, XXX performer **Franziska Facella** appears only in sapphic videos. "I've shot a ton of hot scenes with some very sexy women," she confirms. "But I've never been in a movie with a guy."

However, **Franziska** reveals, "I *am* attracted to men in my private life, but it's a different feeling when you're being filmed. When I'm with another woman, I can really relax and enjoy myself."

Franziska also enjoys polishing her self-pleasuring skills in front of the camera. "I'm very easily turned on, so I masturbate a lot," the avid solo performer confesses. "It's more fun with a partner, but I definitely know how to put a smile on my own face!"

The flawless **Franziska** divides her spare time between contrasting pastimes. "Some nights all I want to do is stay home with a bottle of wine and the *Hunger Games* books," she explains. "But on weekends, I love heading out to clubs, listening to dubstep music—Skrillex is my fave—and just going insane on the dance floor."

Although **Franziska Facella** limits her onscreen work to ladies, there's no doubt that the foxy fräulein appeals to both genders.

FRANZISKA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Berlin, Germany | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 105

Shortly before his wedding day, Gary was concerned that having a puny pecker would pose a problem since he had yet to have sex with the bride-to-be. So the young man made an appointment with a local physician who claimed to specialize in penile enhancement.

The unorthodox M.D. advised Gary to spend a week on a dairy farm, where he was instructed to begin every morning by dipping his penis in a bucket of raw milk and having it sucked off by a calf. The crackpot assured Gary that this method would add six inches to his manhood.

The doctor didn't hear from Gary until the two men ran into each other months later at a convenience store. "How's the marriage going?" the doc inquired.

"I never got married," Gary replied. "I called off the wedding and bought the calf."

Question: What's the difference between Monica Lewinsky and the rest of us?

Answer: When we want some dick in the White House, we just vote.

Peter had a major drinking problem, so he decided to visit his pastor for help. After hearing what the dude had to say, the clergyman handed Peter a book on the evils of alcohol and sent him on his way.

The following Sunday the pastor greeted Peter as the congregation filed out of the church. "Has my book helped you decide to change your way of life?" he asked.

"It sure has," Peter muttered. "It convinced me to give up reading books."

Question: What's the difference between light and hard?

Answer: You can sleep with a light on.

Fed up with still being a virgin, a senior citizen named Sammy decided to engage the services of a streetwalker. After some haggling about price, he handed over two $50 bills. But instead of taking Sammy somewhere to screw, the hooker scampered off.

Hearing Sammy cuss out the whore, a young cop whizzed past him and apprehended the chick. After bringing her back to Sammy, the flatfoot inquired, "What do you want me to do with her?"

"Do whatever you want," he gasped. "She's already paid for."

Question: What's the difference between a Catholic priest and a pimple?

Answer: Nothing; they both come on a boy's face when he turns 13.

"That wife of mine is a bald-faced liar," Cooper confided to his friend Mel. "She proved it once again. The bitch didn't come home last night. And when she walked through the front door this morning, she told me she'd been out all night with her sister Patty."

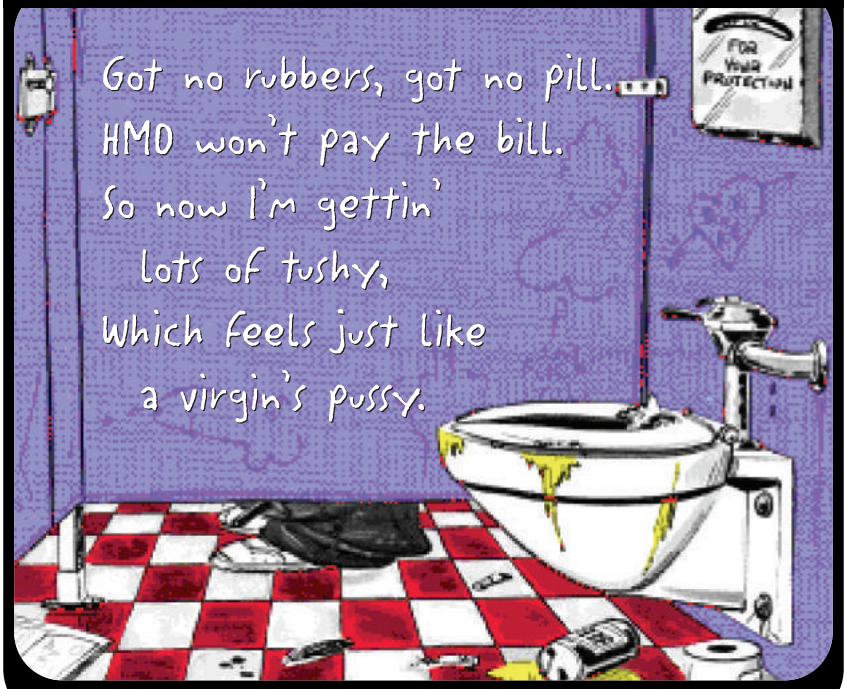
"So?" Mel grunted.

"So that makes her a bald-faced liar," Cooper insisted. "Because *I* spent last night with her sister Patty!"

Doug was enjoying a leisurely Saturday afternoon at home when the doorbell suddenly rang. He opened the door and found a pair of Jehovah's Witnesses, who asked if they could come in for a chat. Feeling unusually charitable, Doug invited them in. "Okay," he said. "What do you fellas want to talk about?"

"Beats the shit out of me," one of the Jehovah's Witnesses remarked. "We've never gotten this far before."

GRAFFILTHY


Got no rubbers, got no pill.
HMO won't pay the bill.
So now I'm gettin'
lots of tushy,
Which feels just like
a virgin's pussy.
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Dennis M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

I AM SO SORRY. IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE NEW REQUIRED IDENTIFICATION, WE CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO VOTE!
THAT IS A SHAME SINCE I AM A REPUBLICAN NIGGER, YOU SMUG BITCH!
POLLING PLACE SIGN-IN A-G
J. Billette

BY RUDOLPH ENGLISH

Def Leppard

DAVID KEMP

ROCKIN' SHUTTERBUG

IT PAYS TO HAVE AN INDISPUTABLE EYE FOR BEAUTY.

Northern Ohio resident David Kemp, who has been snapping remarkable pictures professionally since 1998, was long overdue for special recognition. He first caught our attention by photographing a nude-modeling neophyte from the Buckeye State and then encouraging her to send the photos to *Beaver Hunt*. We're grateful that the unbashful babe wasn't Kemp's only link to this magazine.

(continued on page 85)

Riley

Lori Adele

ALL PHOTOS BY DAVID KEMP/DAVIDKPHOTO.COM

Lorenna Foxx

Steph

(continued from page 83)

The skilled lensman has gone on to discover a bevy of fearless gals who've made their skin-mag debuts in our famous amateur showcase—most notably Lorenna Foxx. Once the editorial staff saw her pics, Kemp was asked to reshoot the barely legal waitress for a full-length pictorial that ran in the May '11 issue.

Besides working at his studio near Cleveland, Kemp accepts assignments all over the Midwest. One gig the ambitious freelancer couldn't wait to undertake was a short jaunt to Indiana, where he provided a passel of alluring images for HUSTLER's March '12 coverage of the latest Nudes-A-Poppin' pageant.

Kemp has enjoyed aiming his camera at an array of subjects—even weddings and senior citizens. But photogenic women and rock 'n' roll are what truly get his creative juices flowing. (Steppenwolf, Megadeth and Def Leppard are just a few of the big-time bands that have bolstered Kemp's portfolio.)

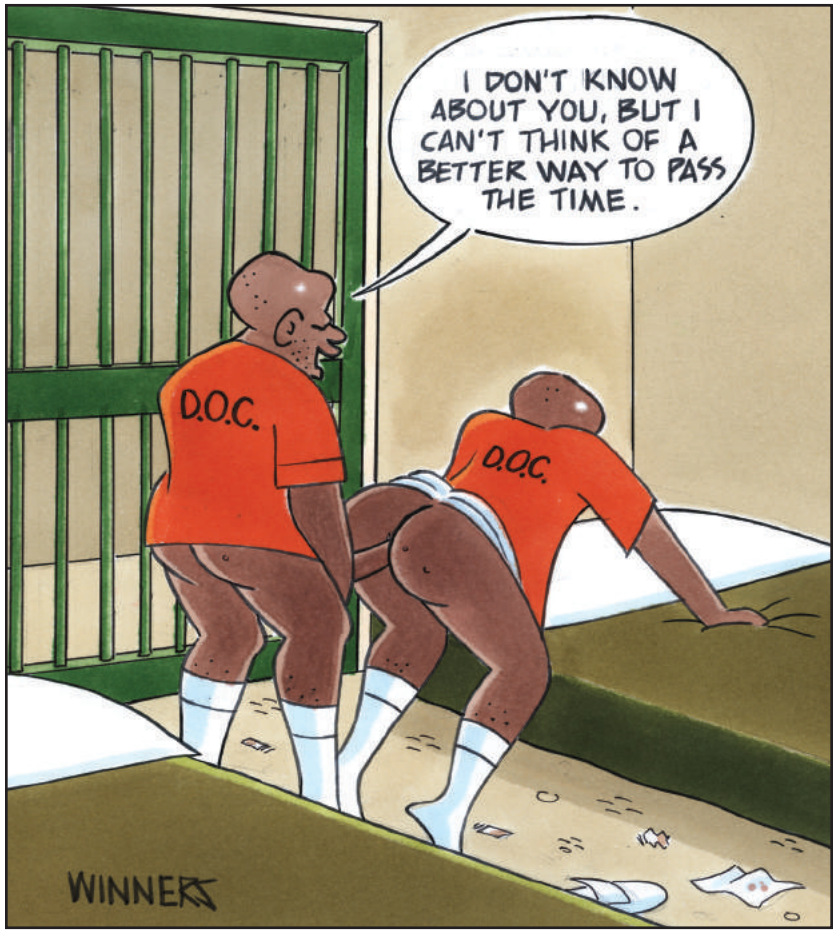
David first got his hands on a camera—a generic 110 digital—when he was 12, and the youngster didn't wait long to recruit his first model. "I had a beautiful neighbor my age when I was a kid growing up," Kemp recalls, "and I wanted to take pictures of her." Using his budding charm, he convinced "Jennifer H" to pose for some tasteful photos (clothed, of course) and his career path was cemented.

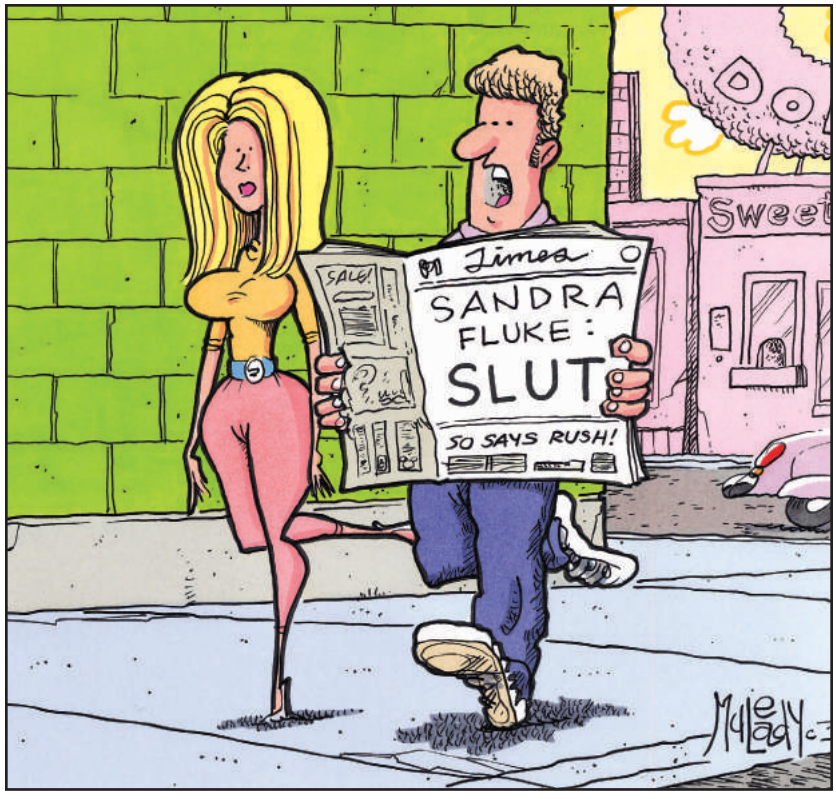
Although Kemp's education in the arts was largely a self-guided endeavor, he benefited from classes taken through the New York Institute of Photography and a military extension program. (Kemp spent seven years in the Air Force Auxiliary.) And he fondly remembers the *Lake County Gazette*, the first publication that paid him to be a photographer.

Despite offering a fair share of delights (i.e., gorgeous women and backstage passes), the profession can be hazardous at times. At a rock concert, Kemp received a mouthful of Ted Nugent's sweat when the musician whipped his hair David's way. And, more recently, Kemp had a camera bag broken by a Secret Service agent prior to a photo-op with President Barack Obama.

We doubly salute David Kemp for his exceptional contributions to HUSTLER and for his unparalleled skill in capturing a woman's natural beauty. Eager to reach a wider audience, he recently launched his own magazine, *Maximum Threshold*, which is devoted to rock music and hot models. (See page 25.)

For more info about Kemp's photography business, visit **DavidKPhoto.com**.





"Rush Limbaugh knows a slut when he sees one. He's paid four of them millions of dollars over the years to marry him!"

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com.***

SCREEN NAME:

Bambu Jessica

AGE: 26

LOCATION: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

URL:
Facebook.com/bambu.jessica.9
BambuJessica.com

Not even the Internet may be ready for this self-proclaimed "leopard glitter kitty" who did some major bouncing around before finding her calling. Bambu Jessica was born in Houston and raised in Detroit, where she went to high school and laid the groundwork for a career as a bawdy entertainer.

"I was a quiet, straight-A student and gymnast," Bambu recounts, "a super-girly nerd! But by the time the hormones came racing in, I came out of my shell pretty fierce. I became a bit of a jock chick. We're talking dance team, cheer team and track star. I also got caught up in being a class clown and doing hilarious and goofy stuff to get a laugh. Finally they got sick of my crazy antics, but getting expelled and being pushed into the real world were the best things that ever happened to me!"

After working as a cook, Bambu figuratively rolled the dice. The wiry, 5-foot-9 attention-seeker ditched the Motor City to fulfill her dreams in what she calls "the land of nonstop adventure and opportunity": Las Vegas.

Bambu became a go-go dancer. Why not? The tattoo aficionada is always on the go. "In my spare time, I do wacky high-fashion photo-shoots and make my own clothes out of things I find in the garbage. I'm also working on a film project about the dubstep scene with *Sinner* magazine and doing vocals for some electronic music tracks. My universe revolves around art, music and love."

To say the least, Bambu is an unequivocal sex-pot. "I've been in monogamous relationships and open ones too," she admits. "I've made love to women, midgets and swingers. I'm an outgoing and strong girl, so people may consider me dominant…yet, in the bedroom, I want a superconfident, powerful guy to throw me around a bit. I love being choked—as well as sweaty, passionate kissing, nylon tearing and an amazing before-and-after cuddle session."

Bambu, whose kinks include "watching furry fetish or anime porn," especially relishes the notion of titillating an audience: "Expressing my sexuality is just one form of giving some love to those horny hotties out there. I'd really like to break the barriers of tatted-up women in fashion and print. And it really blows my mind that I can be an inked lady taking it off in HUSTLER Magazine!"

Happy to have you, Bambu!

STEEL PANTHER BALLS-OUT FUN

Steel Panther plays 1980s hair metal (à la Poison, Warrant and Winger) with tongue firmly planted in cheek. Think a modern-day Spinal Tap. To mark the release of Steel Panther's hilarious new CD *Balls Out*, we planned on sitting down with the entire band: vocalist Michael Starr, guitarist Satchel, bassist Lexxi Foxxx and drummer Stix Zadinia. Three hours late, only Starr and Foxxx stumbled in.

HUSTLER: Where the fuck are Satchel and Stix?!

Michael Starr: Sorry we're late. Simple case of BDM—bad drug management. We did a show last night, and Stix and Satchel started partying.

Lexxi Foxxx: The thing is, since we've been touring so much supporting our new record, *Balls Out* by Steel Panther, we've been traveling a lot. Traveling and partying, you never know where you're gonna end up.

Michael: The reality is you've got the best two members of the group. You ever seen the cover of a Cheap Trick album? Satchel and Stix would be on the back. Stix is the Bun E. Carlos [Cheap Trick's drummer].

Lexxi: Who's the bunny Carlos?

Michael: He's a character that was on *Bugs Bunny*. Idiot!

Who's the chick on the cover of *Balls Out*?

Michael: To be honest with you, we don't know her name.

Lexxi: That's one of the things we try to do, since we're traveling and doing so much. We're trying not to remember names. Because if you do, you look like an idiot when they say, "Remember me?" No!

Michael: It hurts the girl's feelings.

Lexxi: But if you say up front, "I won't remember your name," it's cool.

The chick on the cover is holding a pair of balls. Have you ever held a woman and discovered she had a pair of balls?

Michael: Not yet. I'm looking forward to that adventure.

Lexxi: Not me! A friend of mine went down to Tijuana, and he was partying—

Michael: What friend?!

Lexxi: You don't know him. He lives in Canada.

Michael: What's his name?

Lexxi: It was a long time ago. He, um, he was making out with this chick. She was hot. That's what he said. He was making out, started feeling around and then "Omigod!" He felt things that weren't supposed to be there.

Michael: So you touched her balls?

Lexxi: My friend did. He's from Canada.

What does the title *Balls Out* mean to you?

Michael: It just means we're willing to put our balls on the chopping block and let people go for it because that's how great we think we are. If you think about the two best records in the history of rock 'n' roll, you have our debut *Feel the Steel* and *Balls Out*.

Since *Balls Out* is your second CD, were you worried about the sophomore jinx?

Lexxi: Who's that?

Michael: The cool thing about Steel Panther is people either love us or hate us. I've never met anyone who kinda likes us. We're like cocaine.

Lexxi: Yeah, nobody ever says, "Cocaine's just okay." You either love it or—

Michael: You love it.

The first single on the CD is "17 Girls in a Row." Michael, did you really fuck 17 girls in a row?

Michael: Great song. Not to sound cavalier,

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

LANA DEL REY
Born to Die

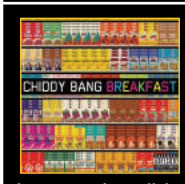
Sexy-as-hell Internet sensation Lana Del Rey has the look of a model, swagger of a gangsta rapper and voice of a 1950s ingenue. Her debut CD is a slow-burning collection of smoky pop gems about everyday life highlighted by the ultracatchy "Video Games" and "Diet Mountain Dew."

THE SCORPIONS
Comeblack

During their three-year farewell tour, Germany's legendary rockers decided to step into the studio to produce this collection of rerecorded hits and covers. While the Scorpions' versions of T-Rex's "Children of the Revolution," the Rolling Stones' "Ruby Tuesday" and the Kinks' "All Day and All of the Night" are cool, the new takes on their own tunes add nothing new.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Waylon: The Music Inside Volume 2

Waylon Jennings, the king of outlaw country, gets some love from a younger generation of country stars he inspired. Jessi Colter (his widow), Dierks Bentley, Hank Williams Jr., Montgomery Gentry and even folkie Jewel take on Waylon's impressive catalog.

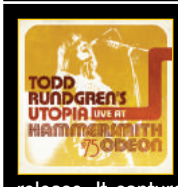


CHIDDY BANG
Breakfast

The mainstream hip-hop team broke through on their debut disc by rapping over the MGMT song "Kids." Chiddy Bang's follow-up doesn't boast such well-known hooks, but the tracks are unbelievably catchy and funktastic. The leadoff single, "Ray Charles," will have you moving side to side, ready to ride.

SUZANNE CIANI
Lixiviation: Ciani/Musica Inc., 1969 to 1985

A true synth trailblazer, Suzanne Ciani has been into electronic music since 1969. This early-career-spanning collection features songs, compositions and cues she created for Atari and other electronics pioneers. It's a fascinating look at the birth of a genre.



TODD RUNDGREN
Todd Rundgren's Utopia Live at Hammersmith Odeon '75

Long bootlegged and loved by hardcore Rundgren fans, this concert from 1975 finally sees an official release. It captures the metaphysical wizard and true star in his prime with his greatest band ripping through perfect pop-rock gems, including "Do Ya," "When the Shit Hits the Fan" and "Couldn't I Just Tell You."

DOZEN

CANDY DULFER
Crazy

The modern-jazz sax goddess returns ready to get her funk on. No wonder Prince taps Candy Dulfer any chance he gets…to join his band on regular occasions. Yeah, we know what we said there. *Crazy* is a masterpiece thanks to its groove-based collection of dance floor jams.

RUMER
Seasons of My Soul

What female recording artist do you use to seduce a lady? Anita Baker? Norah Jones? Adele? Seriously? You know your girl is rolling her eyes every time you play "Rolling in the Deep." You need something that's sultry and smooth to get her in the mood. Meet Rumer, the British singer whose retro debut is the perfect soundtrack to seduction.

MENEW
Wide Awake Hello

Here's straight-ahead, epic arena rock with balls. Like Coldplay…without the twee falsetto. MENEW's debut is nothing short of perfect rock 'n' roll that will make you feel alive and remind you why music is sometimes more important than food. You may already know "Don't Give Up on Us Now" from airplay on TV shows like *Chuck* and *Jersey Shore*.

STEVE HOGARTH & RICHARD BARBIERI
Not the Weapon but the Hand

Ethereal, atmospheric, bombastic mini movie soundtracks are what you get when you combine the soaring vocals of Steve Hogarth (Marillion's elfish lead singer) with the keyboard genius of Richard Barbieri (Japan and Porcupine Tree). This innovative collaboration is as beautiful as it is challenging.

FLYINFISCH
Flyinfisch

With roots firmly planted in the positive vibes of reggae, this one-man band explores a variety of styles to produce a disc of pure joy. Adrian Fischer deftly jockeys between pop and jam-band grooves with ease and skill. Fans of Everlast, Michael Franti and Spearhead—not to mention Sublime—need this CD.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Giant Single: The Profile Records Rap Anthology

Much is made of Def Jam, the legendary hip-hop record label, but Profile really kicked it off when it came to bringing rap to the mainstream. Featuring the early landmark recordings of Run-DMC, Dana Dane, Special Ed and DJ Quik, this dope two-CD collection is a primer in hip-hop history. Word!

but it was hard and easy at the same time. And some of the girls were ugly.

Lexxi: But when you're capping 17 in a row, you're bound to run into a few ugly girls. Michael is the only lead singer willing to do the ugly chicks.

How long did it take?

Michael: Not long. Technically, you don't have to shoot your load to fuck 17 girls. Each girl got a different amount of pumps—depending on the chick. There were a couple of hot chicks that got a good three minutes.

"Just Like Tiger Woods" is about the pro golfer. Do you think Tiger would have got all that pussy if he wasn't famous?

Michael: Great song.

Lexxi: Tiger Woods has money and swings his stick well. Girls are attracted to that. You have to be good at something other than looks to attract girls.

Michael: Or you could be really good at looking good. I think that having a platinum credit card and being as famous as he was got him some free pussy.

The *Balls Out* track "Tomorrow Night" is about an amazing party where "security and pussy will both be tight." But it's 24 hours away, so you have to jerk off. Is HUSTLER Magazine involved?

Michael: Great song. Absolutely! Are you kidding me? HUSTLER videos too.

Being rock stars, you get a ton of pussy, but do you still need to jerk off?

Michael: Jerking off is a very personal stress-relieving way to be alone. When you're on the road, we spend a lot of time around people. When we finally get to our hotel room, it's kinda nice to be alone with your cock.

***Balls Out* contains a lot of songs about anal sex, starting with "Critter," "Just Like Tiger Woods" and "If You Really, Really Love Me." What's with the ass obsession?**

Michael: What song doesn't? We talked about this before we put the record out. We had like 60 songs and had to whittle them down. It just turns out that a lot of songs we put on the record had to do with fucking chicks in the ass. A lot of girls stick shit up there while they're masturbating. They want to do it, but they're afraid to share. We put it out on the front seat, so when we roll up, the girls say, "Oh, I'm getting my ass fucked tonight!" It's not a question.

The Japanese version of *Balls Out* has an extra track titled "Handicapped Slut." Did you feel it was too offensive to include on the U.S. release?

Michael: Yeah, it was too offensive, so we put it on the Japanese version because they don't speak English.

The song "Why Can't You Trust Me" suggests you might "go Chris Brown and punch her in the neck." Have you ever done that to a woman?

Michael: I have never punched a girl—in public. It's not a good idea.

Lexxi: People look down on you when you do that.

Michael: The neck is the safest place to take a girl out really quick.

Lexxi: It doesn't bruise.

Michael: If it does, it looks like a hickey. I don't recommend it for rookies. Chris Brown was a rookie. He let his rage get the best of him. I do understand he just wanted to listen to a sports channel, and Rihanna changed it. That would make me wanna go off on her too. Plus Rihanna looks pretty beat-up without makeup.

Are you concerned that people might think *Balls Out* is too sexist or misogynistic?

Michael: I hope they do, because those are the kind of girls that you don't want backstage anyway. You wanna girl that wants to fuck and wants to hang out.

We know you guys have some great groupie stories. Hit us with one.

Michael: I have one. There was a chick out in Vegas. She's a little older now, but back in the day she was pretty smoking. We were fucking, and she had a heart attack and passed away. It was unfortunate. I'll never forget her. She was a great girl with a shitty ticker. When I tell that story, people say, "Dude, did you choke her?" I would never do that.

Did you call 911?

Michael: Of course not. We were doing blow.

Did anyone ever find the body?

Michael: Yeah. She's fine now. Well, as fine as a dead gal can be. She was 65, but she looked way younger.

Lexxi: Could have easily passed for 63.

TOMMY RAMONE

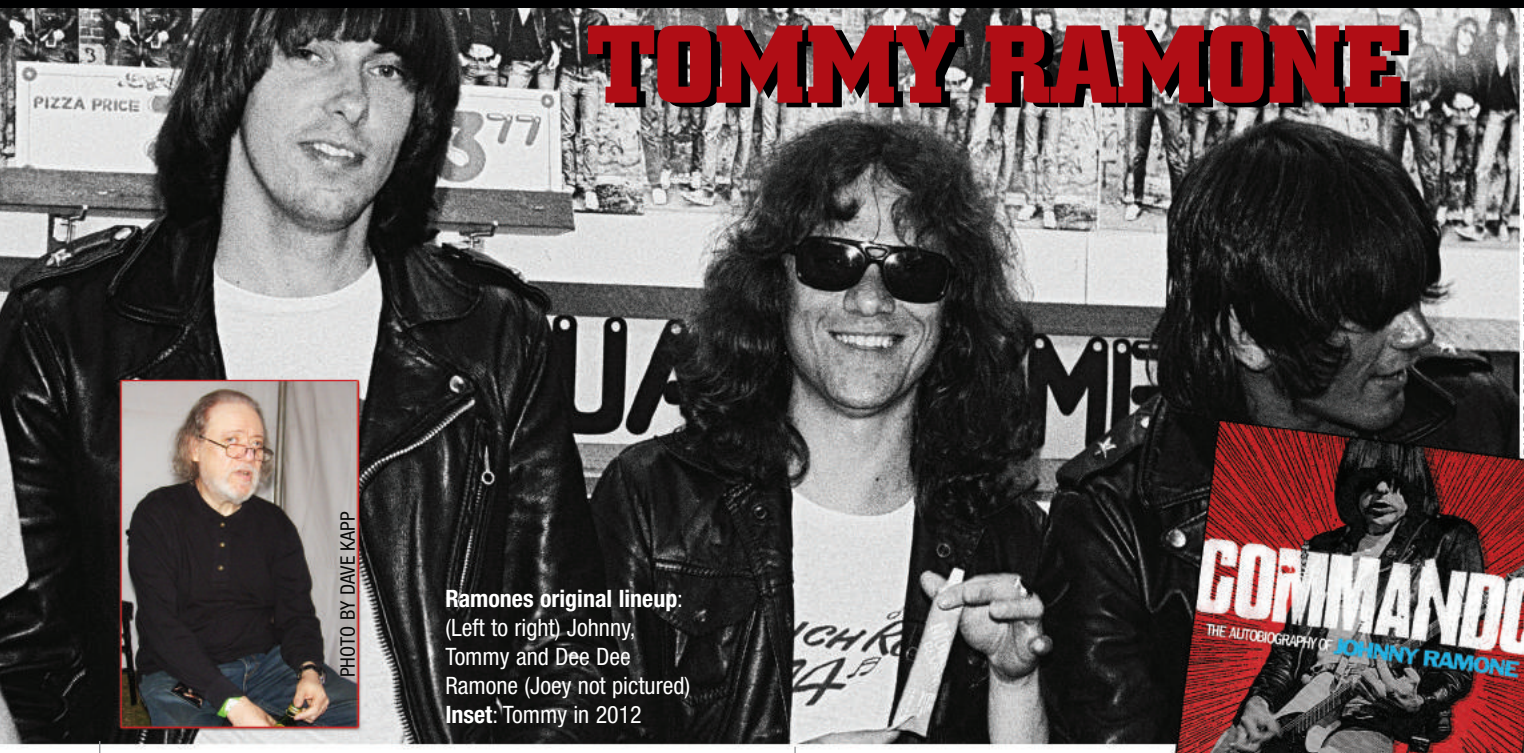


PHOTO BY DAVE KAPP

Ramones original lineup: (Left to right) Johnny, Tommy and Dee Dee Ramone (Joey not pictured) **Inset**: Tommy in 2012

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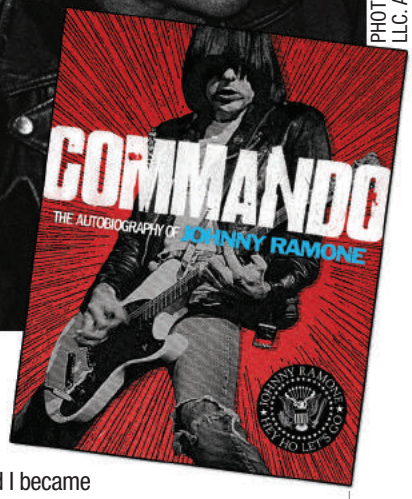


Tommy Ramone helped invent punk rock as the original drummer and manager of the Ramones. We sat down with the Rock and Roll Hall of Famer at Hollywood Forever Cemetery during the seventh annual Johnny Ramone Tribute, where Tommy talked about the band's glory days at CBGB, missing his deceased bandmates and all things punk rock.

HUSTLER: Is it weird to be in a place where two of your former bandmates are buried?

Tommy Ramone: Yeah. (*Laughs.*) But it's a beautiful place. It's kinda neat that Dee Dee is buried on one side of the reflecting pool, and Johnny is on the other. It's so serene. All the movie stars are buried here, and Johnny's second-favorite thing was movies. His first favorite was baseball. Music was in there somewhere too. (*Laughs.*)

What do you miss most about Johnny, Dee Dee and Joey?

They were amazing people—all of them. The reason the Ramones existed was because I saw the New York Dolls perform, and the first thing I thought of was starting a band with these amazing people I knew in Queens, New York. I thought they would make an interesting and unique band. They were individually very unique. I miss their personalities. They each had their own wonderful personality. They are with me all the time, every day.

What do you think Johnny would have thought of this event?

He designed it. It was his idea. He planned it and gave instructions.

How do you feel about your old hangout CBGB now being a high-end clothing store where you can buy a $2,000 pair of jeans?

I was just there for the first time ever three weeks ago, and I didn't know what to expect. It's a nice store. They make it look sort of like CBGB. They kept a certain amount of the feel of the place. It could have ended up a lot worse, I'll tell you that.

What was the scene at CBGB really like back in the day?

It was a unique and interesting place. It was like a pub in the Bowery, and the Bowery was skid row at the time. We played with the band that became Blondie—Angel & the Snakes. That was our first show there. The first bands to play were Television and Patti Smith. She did a one-week residency. Then we came along to be followed by Talking Heads and everyone else.

Why did you vacate the drum seat after four albums to move behind the scenes?

Originally I was the manager and wasn't going to be in the band, but we couldn't find a drummer. So I decided to learn drums—quickly. (*Laughs.*) And I became the drummer. What made the Ramones great were their unique personalities, but these unique personalities were also hard to deal with. They were very intense. They wore me down. After four years, I thought that for my sanity's sake we should bring in another drummer and that I could continue to write songs and produce records. That's what we did.

Who was a better drummer, you or Marky Ramone?

Oh, we were totally different. All the Ramones drummers were great. Marky was great. What he did was combine his style with my style. It was time for a change anyway. For the next record, we did that and went down a different road. Same thing happened when Richie [Ramone] came in. His style was different. Each a new chapter. All good stuff.

Do you have a favorite Ramones album?

Rocket to Russia is my favorite album. It's the Ramones becoming something really great. Great songs. Good studios we used. I really enjoyed making that record. Great record.

Is there a Ramones record you didn't play on but wish you had?

No.

You played on the four good albums.

I didn't say that. (*Laughs.*)

What have you been up to lately?

I have an indie acoustic duo that is influenced by bluegrass and old-time music. It's called Uncle Monk. We've been doing it for five years, and we have a great time.

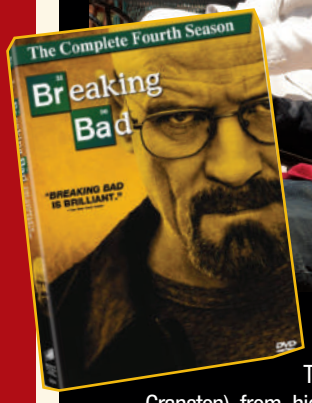
POSTSCRIPT: Want more Ramones? The late Johnny Ramone's blistering autobiography *Commando* is a fascinating look at how the groundbreaking guitarist changed the world of music with just three chords (played really fast) and a whole lot of attitude. Thanks to a compilation of Johnny's notes, lists and remembrances in his own words, reading *Commando* is like having a conversation with the Ramones' driving force himself. RIP Johnny. Hey, ho, let's go to the bookstore!

LAST PUNK STANDING

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

Television shows and a TV-inspired movie rule the day.



BREAKING BAD: THE COMPLETE FOURTH SEASON

The transformation of Walter White (Bryan Cranston) from high school chemistry teacher to full-blown criminal reaches lethal heights in *Breaking Bad*'s darkest and most shocking season yet. Now immersed in a life-or-death battle of wits with his boss—vicious drug kingpin Gus Fring (Giancarlo Esposito)—White will do whatever it takes to protect himself and his family. Reluctantly aiding him is his meth-lab assistant and former student Jesse Pinkman (Aaron Paul). Containing all 13 episodes of the critically acclaimed drama's latest season, plus more than 13 hours of special features, this DVD confirms that AMC's *Breaking Bad* is easily the most compelling series on cable.

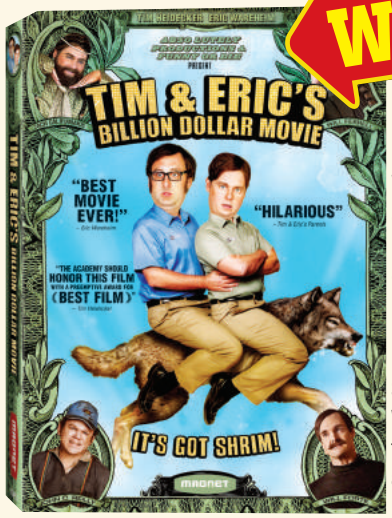
ENTOURAGE: THE COMPLETE EIGHTH SEASON

The final season of HBO's wildly entertaining comedy/drama series kicks off with famous actor Vincent Chase (Adrian Grenier) amped up for a new pet project after completing rehab. With Chase's agent (Jeremy Piven) facing marital separation, and each of his faithful sidekicks pursuing independent ventures, the eighth season of *Entourage* continues its exploration of the highs and lows of seeking stardom in cutthroat Hollywood. Featuring the popular show's final eight episodes and a bevy of bonus features, this dynamite disc is guaranteed to satisfy even the biggest fan's appetite—at least until the *Entourage* movie premieres.

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM: THE COMPLETE EIGHTH SEASON

In the latest round of HBO's sharp, masterfully crafted series, L.A.-based Larry David travels to the Big Apple only to find himself battling new girlfriends, politicians and even actor Michael J. Fox. Laugh-out-loud moments abound as Larry's trademark faux pas and "social assassinations" inevitably place him in awkward situations. Including all ten zany episodes of Season 8, this two-disc set is a must-have for any *Curb* fan.

WIN THIS



TIM & ERIC'S BILLION DOLLAR MOVIE

When Tim Heidecker and Eric Wareheim are given $1 billion to make a film, they squander every dime, consequently pissing off their investor: the ruthless Shlaaang Corporation. With their lives at stake, the duo skips town for an opportunity to pay back their debt by rehabilitating a bankrupt shopping mall full of vagrants and odd stores. Featuring appearances by Will Ferrell, Jeff Goldblum and Zach Galifianakis, this satirical flick is teeming with Tim and Eric's distinct brand of bizarre, offbeat and often repulsive humor that isn't suited for everyone. But fans of Adult Swim's *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* will eat it up.

WIN A *TIM & ERIC'S BILLION DOLLAR MOVIE* DVD!

For your chance to win the *Tim & Eric's* DVD, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ***Tim & Eric* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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ZEN AND THE ART OF BONING
KAGNEY LINN KARTER & JOHN

Marybeth (**Kagney Linn Karter**) was into hogs, choppers, crotch rockets or whatever else you call a motorcycle. Seeing a man mounted on a two-wheeler makes Marybeth hornier than the brass section of the USC marching band.

So when Chip (**John Strong**) rode into Marybeth's life on a bright yellow cycle, his fate was sealed. The two strangers met at a highway rest stop, but it wasn't long before Marybeth had lured Chip back to her nondescript photo studio. "This is my favorite place to fuck," she cooed, handing him a Jack-and-Coke.

They screwed like demons from Hell until Chip began feeling woozy. "I may need to take a quick nap," he mumbled.

"Sure thing," Marybeth chirped. "By the way, I slipped you a mickey. You'll be out for a while. Thanks for the bike, baby!"

Chip woke up three days later in a methadone clinic in Paraguay with most of his organs. His last memory was of Marybeth. He regretted nothing.

For an otherworldly good time, check out Kagney Linn Karter in *This Ain't Star Trek XXX #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

The Art of
ELIAS CHATZOUDIS

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Freakin' sweet: Misty Stone, Aurora Snow and Sarah Shevon (bottom) keep it in the **Family**.*

Family Guy: The XXX Parody

LFP VIDEO/FULL SPREAD ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: AURORA SNOW, SARAH SHEVON, MISTY STONE, JENNIFER WHITE, JAMES DEEN, TYLER KNIGHT, DICK DELAWARE & ANTHONY ROSANO.

We would fight a giant chicken to know whether *Family Guy* creator Seth McFarlane is rolling on the floor as he watches this or quietly loading a gun. No, this spoof doesn't pornify Stewie and Brian since that would be disgusting and possibly illegal (and the real *Family Guy* does enough of that already), but believe it or not, it still scores a laugh or two. The script is just stupid enough, and the talent do the voices at least as well as that guy in your office. Anthony Rosano's Peter is weirdly accurate. The real live action gets underway with Cleveland's wife, played by the luscious Misty Stone, who sure doesn't look like the Loretta we remember. Quagmire gets to giggity giggity goo all over Meg, played by a wonderfully slutty Sarah Shevon, and paraplegic Joe miraculously gets it up for Jennifer White. All disturbing yet arousing stuff. But the climax, of course, is Lois, the hottest piece of cartoon ass on TV. Aurora Snow in a red wig is as fuckable as they come, and her "Oh, Peter!" is sweet, but we still want McFarlane to spoof this movie with cartoon Lois as Aurora. Ironically hot! Ah, the idiotic times we live in.

—M.J.

Adriana Sephora (with Destiny Dixon), Veronica Ricci and Vanessa Veracruz (with Spencer Scott, bottom left) get some ***Experience.***

My First Lesbian Experience, Vol. 1

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: SUNNY LEONE, VERONICA RICCI, JESSIE ROGERS, BRETT ROSSI, DESTINY DIXON, ADRIANA SEPHORA, SPENCER SCOTT & VANESSA VERACRUZ.

From time to time, it does a soul good to visit a world without dicks, where sex-starved, gay-for-pay ladies have no choice but to prey on the young shy ones. Strangely, this world doesn't have the stocky butch types that you may know from the real world. Instead, you get 10s like Sunny Leone eating out Brett Rossi on a desktop. Aren't executive muff-divers who abuse their power just the greatest? The sex is so smooth and dreamy, half of it looks like it's in slow motion, but that's how you imagine lesbians get it on, don't you? Sweet and tender like a couple of delicate flowers. Luckily, Destiny "Stunt Rider" Dixon roughs things up a little by giving Adriana Sephora the long dildo of the law in a particularly memorable encounter. All the vaginal pairings on this disc are like a Victoria's Secret catalog come to life, and since the mention of that retailer probably just gave you a stiff one, you really ought to pick up this disc now. ***—M.J.***

*Presley Hart, Mischa Brooks (with Casey Cumz) and Lexi Bloom (bottom) keep the **Slut Watch** busy.*

Neighborhood Slut Watch

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: VAN STYLES. STARRING: JESSIE ANDREWS, PRESLEY HART, LEXI BLOOM, VALERIE KAY, CASEY CUMZ, MISCHA BROOKS, JAMES DEEN, CHRIS STROKES & VOODOO.

This is the good kind of Neighborhood Watch, where nobody gets trigger-happy and there's no media circus afterwards. Everybody just gets to know their neighbors a whole lot better! AVN Best Actress Award-winner Jessie Andrews kicks off the fun by shooting (with a camera) her cute 20-year-old self goofing around in the bathroom, then waking up her dude with a blowjob and turning into a hyperventilating human pretzel. No wonder she's the Best Actress. If somebody's doing a porn version of *The Exorcist*, Jessie's your girl! Her wild rug-burn show is a tough act to follow, and the rest of the scenes are standard-issue in comparison, but all the next-door types are strokeworthy enough. The two-girl finale with barely legal dolls Casey Cumz and Mischa Brooks brings up the rear nicely, with Casey taking it in the ass just to be neighborly. So stop spying on the people next door; you'll end up in jail that way. Watch this instead. ***—M.J.***

***Showgirlz** Tatiyana Foxx, Leilani Leeanne (bottom left) and Tila Flame work the pole.*

Showgirlz

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: LAVISH STYLES, TATIYANA FOXX, KYM KARTER, TILA FLAME, LEILANI LEEANNE, MR. MARCUS, JON Q, NAT TURNHER & PRINCE YAHSHUA.

If you were hoping for a black-porn remake of trash-movie classic *Showgirls*, like we were, get over it. This *Showgirlz* is the usual string of vignettes with a bunch of tacky, wig-wearing ladies in a rented mansion blabbering some bullshit about how much they like to bone, then sucking and fucking until it's time to get paid. So why the Fully Erect rating? Well, because the talent is some of the tastiest chocolate around! Lavish Styles, who lives up to her name, has a rack that will inspire an epic poem one day—or at least a horny rap song. And if you thought double penetration was going out of style, tasty tattoo tart Leilani Leeanne shows you it ain't, at least not in her double-stuff world. All the showgirlz on this disc are worth a stroke, which is what you'll have if you try to devour them all in one sitting. So just take it easy and enjoy the show.

—M.J.

*Lexi Diamond (above left), Kenna Kane (above) and Jamey Janes stumble into a **Fuck** film.*

Fuck the Babysitter

BLUEBIRD FILMS. DIRECTOR: MARC TWAIN. STARRING: LEXI DIAMOND, JAMEY JANES, PROXY PAIGE, KENNA KANE, LILY LABEAU, JACK LAWRENCE, SETH GAMBLE, DANNY MOUNTAIN, BILLY GLIDE & MR. PETE.

As if being a hardworking dad ain't tough enough, you have to deal with the new babysitter shoving her cute little tits in your face. All you want to do is explain to her what her duties are, and before you know it, she's got your cock halfway down her throat! How the hell did *that* happen?! Oh well, better fuck her brains out so she doesn't get mad and spill it to the wife. If only someone would turn off that cheesy music! What is this, a porn flick? Ah, that would explain why this tight little twat wants *my* dick and not her boyfriend's. And why this chick is the spitting image of Lexi Diamond. And why I could have sworn that blonde last week was Proxy Paige. Who's next, Lily LaBeau? Oh shit, here she comes. I fuck five babysitters a week, and I don't even have any kids! Looks like I fell into a parallel universe of porn where gorgeous young babysitters think the only reason they exist is to be all over my cock as often as possible. Hey, could be worse. Imagine those poor suckers trapped in the universe of hot and horny nurses. Must be hell. ***—M.J.***

*Where's the **Blow**? Stormy Daniels (top and with Devon Lee, below right) and Sarah Vandella (with Charley Chase, below) do a full cavity search.*

Blow

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: STORMY DANIELS, DEVON LEE, CHARLEY CHASE, SARAH VANDELLA, CARMEN VALENTINA, DIAMOND KITTY, JACK VEGAS, MARCUS LONDON, BRENDON MILLER & TOMMY GUNN.

This is porn, so this must be a thriller about thugs killing each other over blowjobs. Clever, right? No, it's just drugs as usual. But don't despair, there's plenty of blowin' and bangin' as usual too. Right after the titles, writer, director and copulator-in-chief Stormy Daniels unpacks her rack (those things look bigger in every movie), proving she's got her priorities straight: fucking first, story second. Stormy is one of porn's premier directors, and while her tale of hotheaded Miami drug dealers isn't anything original, it is a tight blend of greed, betrayal and sweaty swamp sex. Apart from the star, the must-stroke girl on this disc is steamy Floridian Carmen Valentina. She's the petite, natural-boob alternate for stupendous Stormy, who gets all of her curves creamed in three solid fuck scenes before her double-cross goes south. The three-girl scene with the rest of the sexpots in the cast boosts the value of this product a few notches as well. It might be hard to get good blow these days, but at least the porn is pure. ***—M.J.***

BUSTY BEAUTIES ON THE PROWL

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Amber (**Anissa Kate**), Lara (**Leya Falcon**) and Caroline (**Charley Chase**) were determined to get laid before sunset. Each had been experiencing a major dry spell on the fucking front, so the three busty beauties ventured out to see what the world had to offer.

Amber struck first. She met Adam (**Alec Knight**) on an elevator. Less than an hour later, they were boning away in the stud's palatial condo. Hungry for sex, fair-haired Lara cruised a mall's food court in search of dudes with some free time. Randy (**Ralph Long**), who had just been laid off at the toe-tag factory, was up for a lively screw session.

Finally, Caroline took the easy way out: The ravenous brunette called her ex-boyfriend Arnold (**Alex Gonz**) and promised to return his *Eraserhead* DVD if he agreed to erase her blues with the head of his cock.

These hot images are just a sample of the action you'll find in *Busty Beauties: Top Shelf Titties #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

THE MISOGYNY CLUB
COMMITTED TO KEEPING WOMEN POWERLESS, BAREFOOT AND PREGNANT FOREVER!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT THAT RICK SANTORUM REALLY SPEAKS TO ME!
OH, HELL YES - HE WOULD HAVE HAD MY VOTE!
J. Bill

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

CATALINA

"I'm most likely to succeed in life because of my motivation and dedication," professes aspiring model Catalina, 19, from Slidell, Louisiana. "I wanted to appear nude in HUSTLER for more than just my first exposure. It's an honor." Seeing what Catalina has to offer our readers and her inner circle alike, we're honored to slide the 5-foot-1 newbie into this roundup. "I'm very outgoing and happy," Catalina relates. "I love to dance to any kind of music that'll hype me up." Also generating hype are *Jersey Shore*, "long bubble baths with candles burning" and "muscular cowboys with nothing but a hat on." Radiating positive karma, "completely straight" Catalina confides, "I love men and every inch about them, but dick size doesn't matter. It's how you work it. And even though I have a huge sex drive, I'm all about doing what my man wants to do and making him feel loved." Catalina, whose urges have spurred her to get frisky in "the backseat of a car borrowed without permission" and an athletic club's hot tub, refuses to masturbate. "I'd rather just wait to have real sex," the bodacious go-getter reckons, but she does have a ballsy fantasy: "I want to fuck a fireman on top of a firetruck." —Photos by Friend

HONEY

"I love flirting with hot guys to get bigger tips," coos Honey, 24, an "energetic and bi-curious" waitress from Leechburg, Pennsylvania. As you can see, the 4-foot-11 morsel also digs modeling nude along with social networking, watching TV (*The Simpsons*, *Family Guy*, football), listening to music (Hall & Oates, Poison, Led Zeppelin, Chicago) and being a ribald mate. "I love getting my pussy eaten and fucking doggy-style in the shower, kitchen or public places," Honey raves. "I may be tiny and have a girl-next-door personality, but I prefer rough sex. Pull my hair, slap my ass and if I feel extra kinky, fuck me in the ass while I finger my twat! I like the whole ball of wax." Finally, befitting her shortage of inhibitions, Honey hoots, "My big dream is to fuck on camera!" —Photos by Boyfriend

ADINA

A medical center in Bethesda, Maryland, is where the President of the United States undergoes his annual checkup. We've pointed that out because now checking into the *Beaver Hunt* colony is a "fun-loving, adventurous and caring" denizen of the Washington, D.C., suburb. Adina, a health spa professional who'll be turning 37 in October, has a top-notch résumé. "I enjoy reading, writing, running, yoga, aerobics and sexercising," discloses the Blondie, Lady Gaga and Lana Del Rey fan with cravings for Thai, Greek, Middle Eastern and Mexican cuisine. "I'm seductive, passionate and energetic, and I love it all." That includes anal—"depending on my mood"—and self-gratification. Adina's a pro. "I had around 50 orgasms while touching myself in the middle-of-nowhere Thailand," the 5-foot-0 travel buff avidly recalls. "I was squirting all over the sheets and walls!" Newcomer Adina hits the spot. —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"One of my fantasies is to make a man my sex slave!"

MAGDALENA

"I'm single and ready to mingle," declares Magdalena, 22, a "kind, sweet and bi-curious" nail specialist from Port Orange, Florida. And what better way to trumpet a gal's availability than getting butt naked in HUSTLER? "I'll always be proud that I did this," avows the 5-foot-4 stuffer of 36F-cup bras. "You're only young once." It seems the admitted "big goofball" is into all sorts of stuff besides "making people laugh" and the music of Frank Sinatra, GG Allin and the Dead Milkmen: "My favorite hobbies are video gaming, bicycling, soccer, fishing, crocheting and playing the piano. I also enjoy watching *Louie*, *The Colbert Report*, crime-investigation shows and occasionally a kung fu flick like *Shogun Assassin*." Now Magdalena shares her most enticing attributes: "I'd be a great wife. I have superb cooking skills, I know how to keep a home spotless, and I can expertly deep-throat a hard, throbbing cock. In addition, I'd require sex every day if my future husband obliges me. Aside from being romantic, I'm a perv. I enjoy vulgar humor, masturbating to big-tit lesbian porn—it makes me squirt!—and being kinky with toys, ropes and other sexual delights in the privacy of my dimly lit bedroom." Magdalena's downright perfect! —Photos by Friend

ROSE & SARAH

Back in October 1985, Rose was born, and just ten days later it was Sarah's turn. Their respective formative years intervened, but thanks to an inexplicable twist of fate, each 5-foot-2 damsel independently graced the pages of HUSTLER. Ex-coed Sarah is an "easygoing" stay-at-home mom and "hula-dancing fanatic" from Kula, Hawaii, whose other joys include "the beach, Japanese food, shopping and sex." Headband-sporting Rose, a San Diego native, is a "surfing, sailing, shopping and cocksucking" enthusiast who also savors lesbo trysts. What a dual encore! Eager to get acquainted, Rose and Sarah—who only fools around with another chick when a camera is clicking—luridly demonstrate how well they click in tandem. Yep, they were made for each other. Happy birthday, ladies!

—Photos by Kickback Productions

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

MAKE BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

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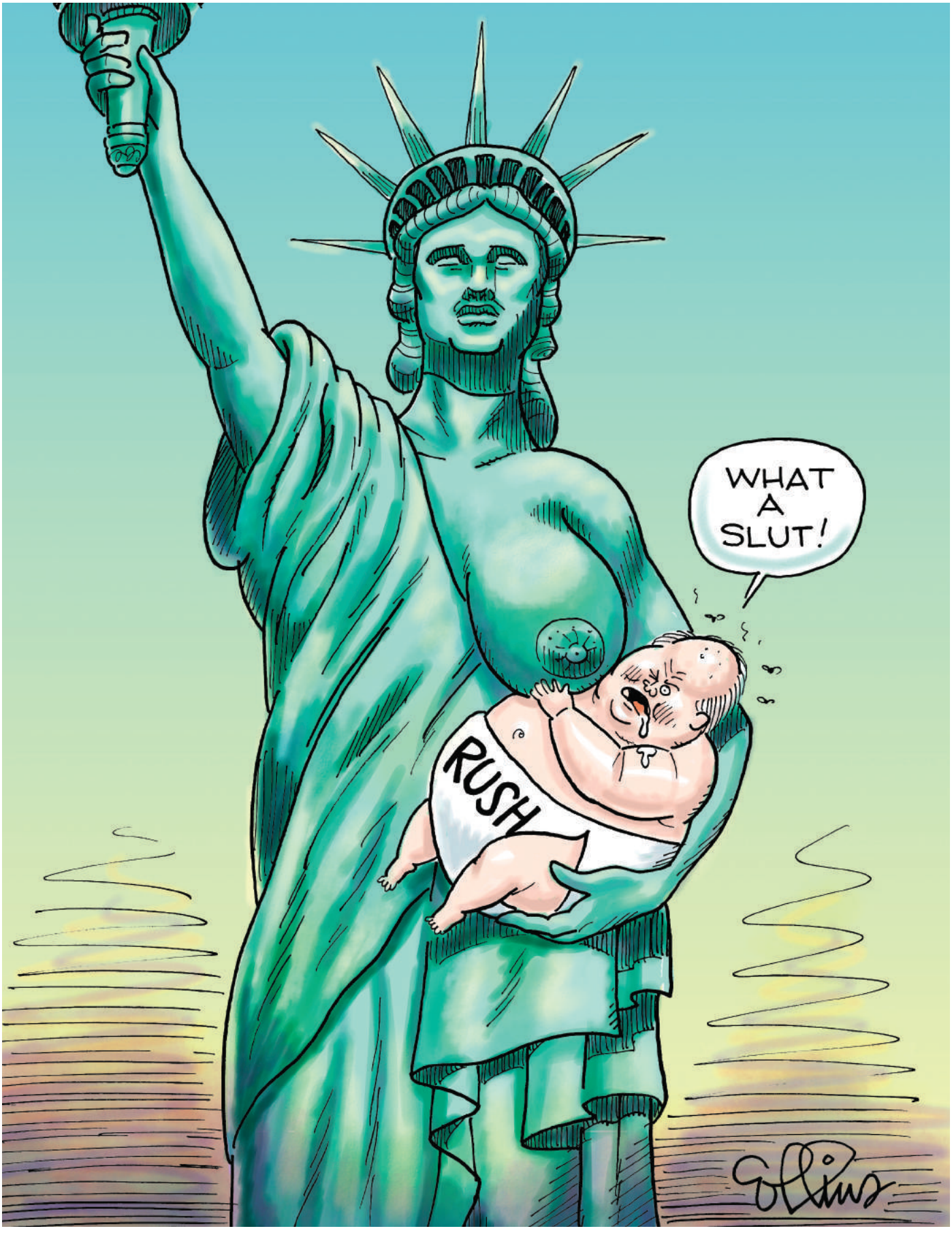
Note: Payment sent to model only.


WHAT A SLUT!
RUSH

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

JAYDEN

AGE: 37

LOCATION: Houston

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

A true Texan, Jayden shoots from the hip whether she's talking about her personal interests or rolling in the hay. "Even though I grew up in a big city, I have a passion for anything outdoors," the flashy babe relates. "My favorite summer pastimes are hanging out at the beach, as well as deep-sea fishing. Hey, put me on any pretty beach and I'm happy. And since I live in Texas, naturally I shoot a gun!"

Jayden's love of squeezing the trigger, however, is more than just barrels of fun. In fact, she's turned her fascination with firearms into a booming business, namely Tucker Holsters.

With a sly smile, Jayden offers a campy sales pitch: "If you're a man that really likes to unload a good shot, and you really want a snug fit for your big weapon, then check out my Web site [TuckerHolsters.com] to see if I can help you with any of your needs."

But fishing, shooting and catering to gun aficionados aren't Jayden's only kicks. "I stay in shape by staying as active as possible, which includes kickboxing," she tells us. "It's such an adrenaline rush! But some rockin' sex burns up the calories in no time too."

Unholstering her philosophy on life as a cougar, Jayden confides, "Actually, the older I get, the more expressive and comfortable I am with my body—comfortable enough to explore all my naughty fantasies and desires. It's definitely true what they say about women in their 30s, what with their hormones going wild and all: I'm always horny, and the orgasms just keep getting more intense."

Stay horny, Jayden! That's how we like our women. Right, guys?

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FANTACY PHOTOS

COUGARS UNLEASHED #44

BY RAFAEL FERNANDEZ DE CASTRO

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

TRUTH OR TRAILER TRASH?

A HOLLYWOOD A-LISTER'S INTERNET PROJECT IS THE LATEST SCANDAL AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

On January 24, 2012, a trailer was released on actor James Franco's Web site (JamesFrancoTV.com) for his online series *Undergrads*. As described by Franco's brother Dave—who assisted in writing, directing and producing—the project is a "part documentary, part reality, part scripted" look at college life.

But the footage shot by Franco and his crew on the University of Southern California campus had an overriding theme. For example, fraternity brothers were shown laughing about the way they fool coeds into having sex with them by calling late at night with the lure of cuddling and a drunken game of Twister. The overall impression was that USC is overrun with oversexed, binge-drinking, rich, white kids.

As word-of-mouth news of the trailer quickly spread through campus, it gained even more momentum on the Internet. The footage enraged the administration, which felt that *Undergrads* reinforced the negative stigma of USC being an abbreviation for the pejorative "University of Spoiled Children." In an attempt to quell the growing furor, the university issued a statement—through its vice-president of student affairs—claiming that USC "did not endorse or authorize" Franco's series and that "the scenes in the trailer could have been filmed on many college campuses."

The student body had mixed reactions to what was shown. Tony Yang, a junior majoring in psychology, believed it was "a superficial and fake portrayal" of the nearly 43,000 undergraduates. Fellow junior Daniel Simonds, a member of USC's Greek system, had a far different take. He stated, "This seems like an accurate account of what goes on at USC on Thursday nights."

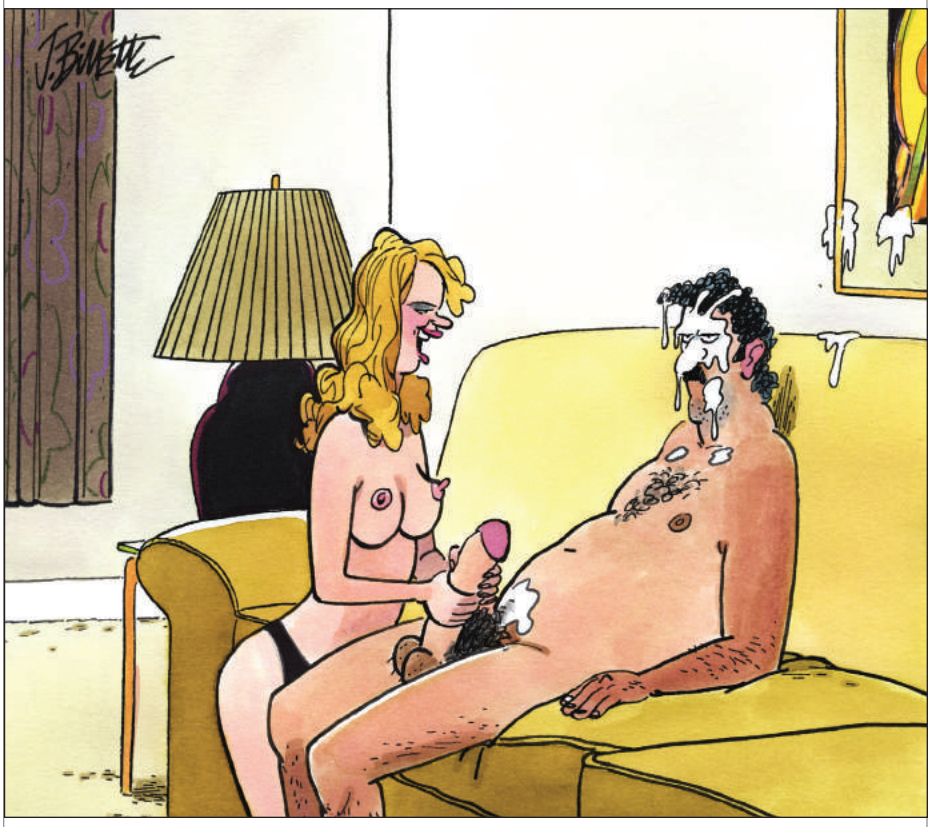
The *Undergrads* debacle is yet another highly publicized incident to hit USC, which in recent years has become a hotbed of scandals. In June 2010, the NCAA put the Trojan football team on probation for four years, banned it from bowl games for two seasons and took away 30 scholarships over three years when collegiate athletics' governing body ruled that former running back Reggie Bush had received impermissible cash and gifts from a prospective agent.

Just two months later, eight students ended up in the hospital with alcohol poisoning after attending a series of pre-rush parties. This prompted the administration to ban 16 Interfraternity Council chapters from all social activities and to cancel pre-rush parties for the 2011 fall semester.

In March 2011, a male student was photographed having sex with a female student from crosstown rival UCLA on the roof of Waite Phillips Hall—one of the tallest structures on campus—during a tailgate party. The pictures were posted on the Internet and later picked up by media outlets across the country (see *College Report*, October '11).

Despite the uproar regarding the trailer, *Undergrads* failed to live up to the hype it created. The first episode, which followed a female student who pulled an all-nighter to prepare for an exam, was very uncontroversial. It concluded with James Franco mocking her as well as poking fun at USC's response to the trailer. However, the second episode ("Undergrads North Not USC") and third ("Undergrads North") didn't focus on the original cast or revolve around student life at USC. In order to alleviate any questions regarding the change in setting, Franco stated via Twitter that he had been filming in West Virginia and that USC would no longer be featured.

While one can only speculate as to how it came about, USC apparently exerted enough administrative pressure to prevent future episodes of *Undergrads* from being filmed on campus. In recent years, balancing rigorous academic standards with a reputation as one of the nation's top party schools has been a struggle. Although the university's Greek life is one of the key factors that attracts high school students to continue their education at USC, it remains to be seen what effect *Undergrads* will have on the applicant pool.



"You didn't like that?! I thought guys loved facials!"

Rafael Fernandez de Castro is the opinion writer for the *Daily Trojan*, USC's campus newspaper. He is majoring in communications with a minor in screenwriting.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—protests, censorship issues, pranks, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

ANGELA MAZZANTI

MODESTO JUNIOR COLLEGE

Twenty-year-old Angela is dead-set on at least two goals: becoming a psychologist and fulfilling her sexual fantasy of sitting on someone's face—preferably a man's mug. Meanwhile, the headstrong sophomore has hopes of eventually earning a Ph.D. "The reason why I'm majoring in psychology," she emphatically states, "is because, ultimately, I want to help patients with severe mental illness."

But when it comes to her extracurricular interests, the wannabe shrink is far more free-spirited and down-to-earth. "I love singing," Angela reveals, "and I'm a huge video game nerd. I play *World of Warcraft*, *God of War* and any other games that fall into the role-playing category."

Angela also enjoys hitting local music shows, especially when a "hard-core punk" band is playing.

On that note, the curvy firebrand prefers her male companions to be hard 'n' rough. "I love guys who *know* what they want—and *get* what they want," Angela avows. "Confidence is so sexy!"

In addition, her wish list for Mr. Right specifies that he's "loving, funny and dorky." Proving that she's somewhat dorky herself, Angela muses, "If he's as much of a goober as I am, that's a huge plus!"

Guess your dream beau also has to have a face worth sitting on, eh, Angela? Well, look no further. Many of our readers would gladly assist you with that goal!

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

LOOKING TO START SOMETHING

CHRISSY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Now that she's finally out of school, 18-year-old **Chissy** plans to make up for lost time. "I particularly want to see what I've been missing," says the hot-to-trot Californian. "I'm curious to find out about older men, since boys my own age are so shallow."

On that note, **Chissy** admits, "To tell the truth, most of what I know about sex and men is hearsay from the other girls. Still, I have a pretty good idea how to hold a man's interest."

(continued from page 67)

sadomasochistic relationship was over. Not only were the gifts and money gone but so was a rare workplace intimacy. Maybe it was the same kind of low-level sexual tension a handsome executive shares with his sexy secretary—but more twisted.

• • •

It's Wednesday night at Graziano's, an Argentine steak house in Coral Gables, and the place is packed. Sitting before me, squirming, is a scrawny young man in his late 20s with acne and a jutting overbite. He wants to be publicly humiliated. He's sitting on a vibrating butt-plug that's operated by remote control. As the waiter approaches, the Cuban mistress reaches under the table and presses a button. The subbie muffles a squeal of delight. The waiter is puzzled: "What's that buzzing sound?"

I look at my boss and chuckle. The waiter has no idea what we're up to.

"I never thought I'd do this," the client whispers after the waiter leaves. This is his first session in public, and he's red-faced with pleasure.

"You must really love what you do," he says.

I think for a moment and realize he's right. I began doing this for the money but continue for the thrill. It's not the case with every client, but there's something about seeing a man in total submission that's a turn-on. That might seem unhealthy to some people, but having grown up in a Muslim-majority country where you can be prosecuted for even thinking about doing what I do for a living, I find it strangely liberating.

Being a dominatrix is not for the faint of heart. You need to be part nurse, part actress and part psychologist. And the job certainly has its drawbacks. Having someone suck your toes for 60 minutes requires a lot of patience.

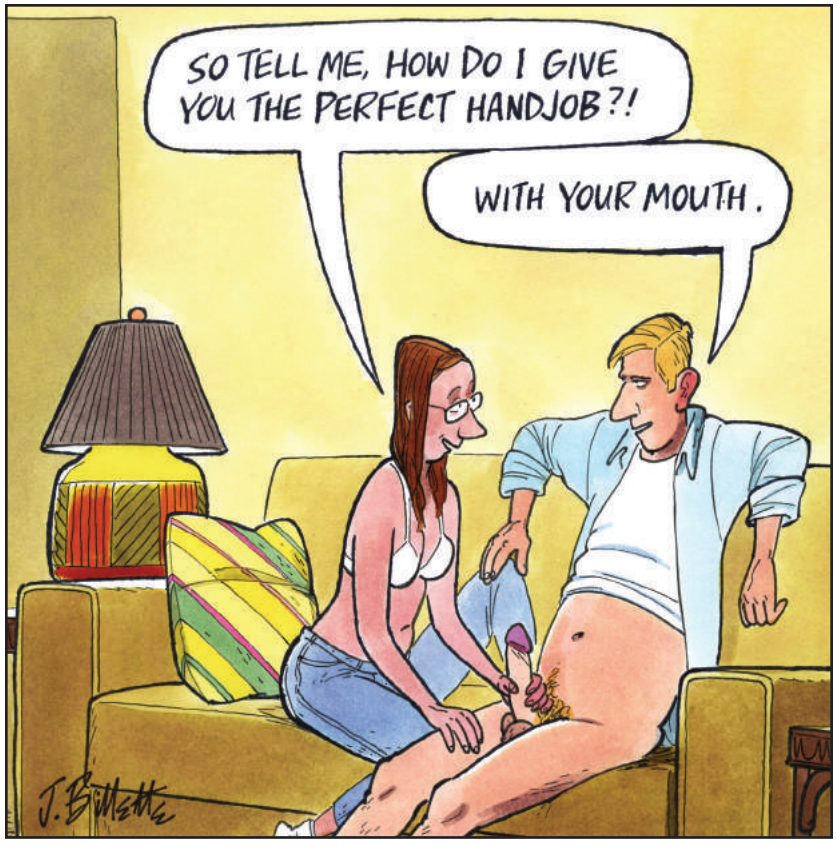
But when it's good, it's so good that I sometimes think *I* should be paying the clients. In the heat of a session, something comes over me that makes me higher than any drug. It's as if I am possessed by pure id, a surge of untrammeled sexual electricity. Looking down at a slave's prostrate body, I cackle like a B-movie villain, feeling intoxicated with my own power. I've always been an exhibitionist, and at these moments I feel most alive, most like me.

I can't see myself doing this for the rest of my life. My true dream is to become a professional writer, penning provocative articles and best-selling books about the dark side of human sexuality—the one field that, despite my tender years, I know something about.

But for the time being, at least until the economy picks up, working as a dominatrix is more than fine. My kinky job is providing insight into how—to paraphrase the Marquis de Sade—it is through pain that one comes to fully appreciate pleasure.

This article originally appeared in the Miami New Times.

THE BASTARD NEVER HOLDS DOWN A STEADY JOB. HE'S OUT EVERY NIGHT, CHASING SOME STINKING HO. AND HE'S ALWAYS CUSSING OUT THE KIDS AND SLAPPING ME AROUND – LAST MONTH THE NASTY FUCKER GAVE ME CRABS!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THE WOMAN IS CONSTANTLY BITCHING ABOUT SOMETHING!
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR
WINNERS



The November '12 issue goes on sale August 7, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

MICHELLE "BOMBSHELL" McGEE: FREAKY & FRANK TEMPTRESS

Tattoo aficionada Michelle McGee—a horror-movie buff whose fave holiday is Halloween—was pretty much a nobody until *American Chopper* maestro Jesse James started banging her. Their affair broke up his marriage to Sandra Bullock and made McGee a celebrity. Reviled as a home-wrecking Nazi, McGee welcomes freelance writer Mark Johnson into her oddly decorated home. During the informative visit, McGee denies being a racist, but there's no denying that her "Day in the Life" will include a sneak peek at the MILF's porn debut.

THE SUPERHEROINES OF XXX

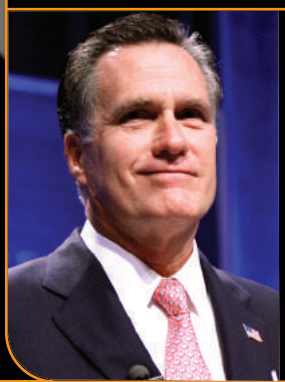
Faster than you can say "to the Batcave," porn has spoofed yet another mainstream movie about a comic book superhero. Making for a marvelous Halloween treat, we're gonna showcase a bevy of the XXX world's hottest superheroines—and a few villainesses. After seeing kickass babes like Wonder Chick and Katwoman in costume and in hard-core action, you won't know what hit you.

TOM SIX: THE MAN BEHIND *THE HUMAN CENTIPEDE* FLICKS

Thanks to a series of films in which a madman doctors up a creepy creature composed of people stitched together from anus to mouth, Tom Six has pushed the boundaries of creativity and depravity. The Dutch director has been likened to Hitler and Satan. He's even received death threats. In an exclusive Q&A, Six reveals the weird impetus for his outrageous movies and everything else that makes him a feared yet—so he says—misunderstood auteur.

THE SLASHER MOVIE BOOK

When director Alfred Hitchcock unleashed knife-wielding wacko Norman Bates in his 1960 masterpiece *Psycho*, a new entertainment genre was born: slasher films. The formula was simple: Introduce the prey—preferably a gaggle of young chicks who get naked—and wait for a maniac to start spilling their blood. *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th* are just two of the gruesome grindhouse movies glorified in J.A. Kerswell's compendium *The Slasher Movie Book*. As our sampling of images attests, it's a killer page-turner.



AND NOW FOR SOMETHING REALLY SCARY: PRESIDENT MITT ROMNEY

As Election Day nears, Research Editor Kimberly Cheng reports on how GOP candidate Mitt Romney's religious and political beliefs are intertwined. "It's not a stretch to believe that if Romney secured the Presidency, this country would be ruled by the precepts of Mormonism," Cheng warns. In a companion article, journalist Christopher Ketcham chronicles the growth of Mormonism from a ridiculed sect that championed polygamy to a multibillion-dollar empire with inordinate influence on politics and Big Business.